

B
CINTHIAS RE-
VENGE:

OR

MÆNANDERS
EXTASIE.

—Perf. Ipse semipaganus
Ad sacra vaturn carmen affero nostrum.

*Similia labia similes
habent lactucas.*

Written by JOHN STEPHENS, Gent.

LONDON,

Printed for Roger Barnes, and are to
be sold at his shop in Chancery-lane,
ouer against the Rolles. 1613.

The names of the Actors.

CINTHIA.

MAENANDER.	CASSIO.
PHEVDIPPE.	HYARCHVS.
MALINDO.	HIPPONAX.
AMILCAR.	EUPHOREVS.
LALIO.	FAVORINA.
HIRVDO.	LVCILLA.
GRACCHVS.	LESBIA.
MANTESIO.	BYFO.
PERILLVS.	GLADIATOR.
MARGALENSES.	SACERDOS.
MILITES.	SERVI.
	ANCILLÆ.

The Ghosts

of

CASSIO.

MALINDO.

PHEVDIPPE.

To

To the worshipfull and his Constant
friend, *Mr. Io. Dickinson, the Au-*
thor dedicates this Modele of
Inconstancie.

I Did (sir) in this lame, but louing dedication, make it a questionable controuerſie, if an Author will, without prae-acquaintance (as I haue ſone) reſpecting his duety and zeale, thruſt forth a doubtfull worke into a wife and well-deſeruing patronage, whether the true loue may bee diſpenced with, or the confidence taxed as a preſumption: Sure I am, if any indifferent Iudge reſpect my loue, hee will attribute this to loues deſire, and ſo my preſumption muſt bee but well-meaning: *Vltra quid ſuperest?* Let the vaine mercenary rout of Baſtard-poets rubbe an abortiue Muſe with hope of honourable benefactors; and ſophiſticate rich parts of Nature with moſt corrupting compounds of Sycophanſie, yet ſhall the more attractive and pure iudgements haue (as they euer had) a free election, *Et prodeſſe, et deleſſare*, without incurring the name of *Nice, deuided Opinioniſts*. Let therefore Rockes and Mountaines riſe againſt mee, the boiſterous and arrogant auncient Writers gape wide vpon mee, if you ſhall reape the leaſt true delight, and ſatisfaction, I may bee proud aboue licence, and quietly reſe, not watching who dares aſſault the Fabricke; ſo confident I am of your free Spirit: *Sic & iurarem in verba Magiſtri*: The worke (no doubt) is in it ſelfe a worke, though naked, yet neuer to bee amended, with beautifull and faire acceptance, praife and diſpraife after Impreſſion bee alike, they do neither adde, nor can detract from things ſimply conſidered, ſo inherent is the name of *Worke* to each compoſure; but I can truly ſay, your im-partiall acceptance will make it a good worke to mee; *Etiam ſi ſibilat populus*: Briefly then, to auoid prolix Argument, in ſtead of an Epistle, I may not enlarge my preambles with needleſſe motiues, diſallowing the errors of all men, and fauourably conuiue at my owne hereties, ſeeming to deteſt lucre, &c. which deſerue a tractate rather then ſo compendious an Epistle which doth onely ſalute, ſay Fare-well, And for my ſelfe thus much:

*Nullus mihi expedit ſuum capere
Nec venter docuit verba conari.*

Your industrious friend,

I. S.

The

The Authors Epistle Popular.

I Could now descant (like some sage fabulist) upon reall difference betwixt Readers, and understanding Readers; prescribe a formall limitation who should, with my consent, sur-vey this Poem, (which, no doubt, many will terme tedious;) or could most humbly beg at the fowle-fisted paw, of each pretending Ass, each staulking Gull, to spare his cheape detraction, or rather unboyled carpes, till the Authours next service, and then to choake him with unchewed gobblers of his owne dressing, if each particle in the Cookery were not amended; else might I furnish out a methodicall preparatiue, assuring some depth of mystery beyond apprehension, or assure the hood-winked bazzards of this age, that enery syllable sauiors of milksops, doth require an easy stomacke, slight concoction, simple and weak iudgement, &c. ad infinitum. Thus doe our pie-bald Naturalists, depend upon poore wages, gape after the drunken harness of forty shillings, and shame the worthy benefactors of Hellicon: Some insinuate their paines, some their excellence, but all infirmity, my selfe together; yet will I thus farre engage an upright meaning, Nec famam, nec mercedem, olethoc opus: not price, nor affectation drew forth my scribled ignorance. And with all so un-willing am I to play Tom-foole in Print for names sake, as I haue purposely concealed it from the Impression, so as the petty volume enioyes his fortune Fatherlesse: for indeed (if publishing what was intended private were not so common) this had bene free for my selfe and familiars alone, notwithstanding the publicke stampe, onely to auoide the false imputed taxe of idle and haire-brained disability; not fearing what plume any garrulous fowle of the aire can challenge, nor intreating, Nemoue at cornicula risum: My comfort is, all speake their owne Language, Querritat verres, tardus rudis, oncat affellus: who then shall blame the tongue, which cannot naturally differ from calumnious and malevolent scandal? or who exclude any literall, though otherwise illiterate habuie, from his presanctory and peeuish censure? who must, nay will, in spite of an Authour, meddle with an utter vendable for his money, though but barely meddle. As for the melancholy curriß pates, who maligne the Insat, or inke'd Orphant, for the fathers sake, the worke for the Authors, and the Authour

To the Reader.

themselves not know why, unlesse to proue the dogged Antipathy,
whereof Martiall speaks ———

———Nec possum dicere quare

Hoc tantum possum dicere, non Amo te.

For these, I account of them no better then curst whelpes without strength, and teeth, pollicy, or possibility, to hurt any man who shall oppose them. Neither let any captious Reader expect by this, to win more benefite in perusall, then hee hath curtesy in exposition; the wisest man may learne, though little, out of this: if humour make them haughty, esteeming for the most part (as many doe) workes of this nature scarce worthy of their full stomachs; though much ripenessse of vnderstanding, iudgement of in the le, and murning study, goes to the making up of a true Poem: the wisest therefore might haue a better opinion both of the paines as to the of Legitimate Poetasters, not referring labours of such consequence to the cloudy censure of a full belly; as marshalling them as in the low chesse: surceyng Scenes, by way of Pamphlet, and Pamphlet for digestion; contemning the coole fountain in dog-dais like the blisfull Aise; to run through flames in harvest: Fare-well. And trine if thou wilt needs maintaine the Affe-head, to be rather Archadian, then Acharnican.

W. S. to the Reader
Word True

The Argument in briefe.

CINTHIA'S Altars be neglected by the chiefe estates of *Sparta*; both King and Councils adiudge her diuine sacrifice, religion, vowes, worship and adoration to appertaine especially, if not punctually, to the weake order of women; because they are subiect to changeable toyes, which take their primitiue, deriuation of *Luna*: Shee therefore inflamed with resolution to qualifie this error, as to informe how farre from iudgement so ir-religious opinions did arise, doth first possess the humor of exalted subiects, with manifest ambition, breach of duty, and allegiance, libidinous concupiscence, flattery, faithlesse engagements, which in themselves saue of *Cynthia's* large instability. *Phendippe* (on whom the Kings loue reflected with more extreame zeale) she averts from his obedience to rebellion, by the power of pre-dominance. *Menander* noting a change so manifest doth (by collection) attribute *Phendippe's* false-hood to her suggestion; resolved confidence begat his rage; his rage, blasphemy; which blasphemy doth againe exasperate the Goddesse: her indignation followes, which with violence brake forth in yong *Menander's* vehement madnesse. A states-man, old *Euphorbus*, doth compassionate his agony, and for a second purpose, counterfets an artificiall extasie, whil'st conceited humor makes *Menander* follow (like *Cynthia*) diuersity of shapes: from Poet he falls to a Player, then to *Ajax*, from thence to *Mercury*, in whose habit, assuming the most sacred essence of a substance incorporiall, hee enioynes *Euphorbus* to make some experiment heereof by his poniard, being perswaded hee was impenetrable: *Euphorbus* easily induced by temptation, as pretending to establish a new Monarch, doth oppose and kill this euery-way deluded King: A generall approbation doth thanke his pollicy, which made a finall *Catastrophe* of madnesse; and so reuenge is pacified.

To his friend the Author.

ONE Swallow makes no Summer, most men say,
But who disproves that Prouerbe, made this Play.

F. C.

To his much and worthily esteemed friend the Author.

VVH^O takes thy volume to his vertuous hand,
Must be intended still to understand:
who bluntly doth but looke upon the same,
May aske, what Author would conceale his name?
who reads may roaue, and call the passage darke,
Yet may as blind men sometimes hit the marke.
who reads, who roaues, who hopes to understand,
May take thy volume to his vertuous hand.
who cannot reade, but onely doth desire
To understand, hee may at length admire.

B. I.

TO

To his true friend the Author.

I was unwilling to preſixe one verſe;
Thy booke and Poem may it ſelfe commend,
My duteous zeale doth make mee yet rehearſe
Rimes of thy worth, none as I am thy friend.
For Ladies may, thy Poem cannot need
An Verſer to lead on, or to ſucceed.

G. Rogers.

To his Endeered Author.

Long let thy Muſe her wiſhed ſeate inioy,
Into whoſe breſt ſhee fertill ſtore doth bring,
which makes thy penne the cauſe of her imploy,
By pleaſing ſtile and Poems ſhee doth ſing;
Amidſt whoſe lines ſweete Laurels vp are ſprung
which doe adorne their ſole effectiue ſtemme
As flexile branches, fitteſt to be wrung
Into that forme, of Poets Diademme.
What ſhall I need then to inuoke at all?
Or wiſh applauſe from out the vulgar crue?
I leaue ſuch praiſe to men indiciall:
They giue each worke that to it ſelfe is due,
whoſe lauding palmes, might ymp an Authors Pen,
And raiſe a Phenix from a ſilly Wren.

THO: DANET.

CINTILLA'S

CINTHIAS REVENGE:

OR

MÆNANDERS EXTASIE.

Actus I. Scæna I.

CINTHIA.

THe chiefeſt point of Kings felicity,
Some ſubiectſ do eſteeme Authority.
Wee are aboue, the Potentates of earth
Be vnacquainted with high bloud and birth.
We do transcend ſupremacy of Kings,
Account them (as they are) moſt mortall things.
Subiect to putrifaction, to diſeaſe,
To folly; which no phiſicke may appeaſe.
Yet they do magnifie themſelues alone,
Their haughty ſtomackes doe acknowledge none
Aboue; who may ſuch dignity ſurmount :
Of power ſupreme as fables they account.
My God-head may with priuiledge complaine
Of *Sparta*; whoſe proud factious Kings refrain
By wicked counsell, from due ſacrifice
At my religious Altar : they ſuffice
To render duty in Olimpickes once,
And rob me of an--tique oblations :
Which wee aſcribe vnto the baſe repute
They do conceiue of our Diuinity,
My Temples honour and ſupremacy.

B

To

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

To Matrons (Bauds and Widowes) they translate
 To seruice of weak women dedicate
 My whole prædominance; they do exempt
 Mans homage, and beleeue my power of change
 Extends no further then the female sex.
 This new-conceited error Il'e refuse,
 Il'e manifest how farre compulsiue change
 Doth ouerway proud man; Il'e execute
 The rigor of my vengeance: dreadfull awe
 Gods do obtaine by a correctiue law.
 And thus will I restore that holinesse,
 Which they extinguish through bold sawcinesse:
 Mortals contemne the Makers Diety,
 Vntill his wrath scourge their impiety.

Act. 1. Scoen. 2.

MENANDER, HIPPOXAX, EUPHORBVS, LELIO,
 PHEVDIPPE, HYARCHVS, PERILLVS,
a Hearse.

Nature acquainted well with indigence,
 Defining (in it selfe) our impotence,
 Liable to corruption generall,
 Shewes, nothing doth endure that's naturall:
 Sterne death no pittie takes on hallowed age,
 Vpon the sucking babe, whose harmelesse twine,
 Tenderly hangs about the nurses necke.
 Neuer did old mens holy teares obtaine,
 Neuer did death from Innocents refraine.
 The slaue who smothers in obscurity
 His hate'd life; who neuer did account
 Of rising Sunne, eclipse, and prodigies,
 More then of customes and impertinence;
 Neuer accounted seasons, months, and yeares,
 Autumnall haruest, Spring-ride happinesse,
 Further then meanes to nourish misery,

Who

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Who neuer lent the busie world a smile,
 But breathes out melancholy aire, and groanes.
 This man (alike with Epicures and Kings,
 Who often striue with a departing soule)
 Expects vpon the leisure of his fate,
 So Kings and Cripples be incorporate;
 Their ashes often mixt, when they repose
 Two petty urnes, their bodies oft inclose.
 Death, how impartiall be thy wounds? how free
 From all exceptions? My beloued fire,
 Lusty and full of Spirit siue dayes since,
 Here humbled lyes, once royall prop of Greece.
 E v. Laments are idle, neither can recall
 Your fathers soule backe from *Elizium*.

MEN. But grieve informs the world hee once did liue
 Worthy, and well respected, like a Prince,
 Whom people pray for, and whose happy raigne
 True subiects craue to be perpetuall.

HYP. But sorrow in excesse (dread soueraigne)
 Begets a weake distraction of the braine,
 Breeds a contempt of mundane diligence,
 Neglects profession, violates the law
 Of solace, and abhorres congruity,
 Giues carelesse raignes to sicke security,
 Turnes nature to a liuing lethargy.

MEN. True *Hyponax*, and therefore temperance
 Limits with reason our compulsiue woe:
 For men of pure discretion (you may finde)
 Beare all extremes with a most æquall minde.
 Repeat *Perillus* (the last signe of loue)

A poem to expresse the Obsequie,
 With teares concluding his *Catastrophe*.

PER. Feare to offend his farre divulged name,
 Which (who may mention without righteous fame)
 Being euer busied in effecting lawes,
 Commended still with popular applause,
 Retaining orders of Antiquity,

I have not seen this
 since the world of *Perillus*

CINTHIAS REVENGE.

Forbids me to repeate his Elegie:
 Each clamorous eccho and all Forrest-noise
 Ingendred by the Sylvan *Dryades*,
 Be henceforth silent; neuer may such tunes
 Affoord free mirth to Poets phantasie;
 Who, may surcease to sing their sacred layes,
 Viewing the vnaccustom'd change of time:
 Till future ages do reuiue the losse
 Of our delected worthy in his sonne,
 Whose true externall image doth retaine,
 The liuing lustre of our wonted king,
 May whose deere genius dwell thy gifts among,
 And vs prouoke to leaue his funerall song.
 MAENAN. Enough; and in that finall word, *Enough*,
 Our lamentations faile: remoue the hearse,
 His body sleepes: who may the soule reverse?
 (My Councell) stay, assist me; and because
 From the succession of new Kings, new lawes
 Take their originall, I do intend
 Enormities of custome to amend,
 Matters (though in themselues erronious)
 Amended, may proue meritorious.
 Had but impartiall Fate sine longer weekes,
 Allotted to my safe progenitor.
 He, by aduise of your sage grauity,
 Had finished (ere this) what you begun,
 Which (through default) I must remember done:
 The people of our continent, each sexe
 Both masculine and female, do adore
 A Goddesse, whose essentiall part is change,
 (Proper to widowes, virgins wilde, and wiues)
 Antiquity doth call her CINTHIA;
 The honour, sacrifice and Hecatombes,
 Spent in the solemne, superficiall awe
 Of her accounted-sanctimonious law,
 Are (without æquall number) infinite.
 We, knowing her supremacy extends

CINTHIAS REVENGE.

No further then weake women, will abridge
That annuall expence, and will confine
Such customare deuotion to the sect
Of Priest-hoods seeminine; their simple sexe
Shall by iniunction worship CINTHIA,
To whom indeed they be subordinate.
So, this decree of priuiledge exempts
Men from oblations: Let an Officer

Informe the people thus. OMN. We all subscribe.

MAEN. Your dutifull acceptance (noble friends)

Of this propounded pollicy, doth vrge

My secret nature to disclose the loue

Which was inflam'd when iuniority

Of yeares and iudgement (my associates)

Gaue me aduice, which a more grounded age

Doth entertaine, with equall permanence:

With selfe-same seruor and integrity

Of true entire affection, as before.

HYP. What *Spartan* Lady will oppose the King?

EVPH. What *Spartan* Lady doth *Menander* loue?

MAEN. Nay friends allow the marriage of your King,

A matter lawfull first in generall

And thence refute the scruple so precise,

Which boulsters vp a life Monasticall.

OMN. That scruple wee as errour do account.

MEN. Then Il'e aduertise in especiall,

You sapient hearers of that beauteous dame,

Who, vnredeem'd *Menander*, captiuat

Doth hold in fetters, though a free-borne King,

The daughter of *Hyarchus* doe I loue.

HY. My daughter? vnexpected happinesse!

Giue me then leaue, sweet rauishment, to see

Her glad espousall celebrated once,

By which, but some coniecture may arise,

To see the royall issue of her wombe;

And Il'e go lodge in my forefathers tombe.

MAEN. Do all agree with this old or'e-ioyd man?

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

H I P. E V P. True subjects will commend *Mannanders* choyce.

M E N. Nothing doth more prevent a Princes fate,
Then wise directing Councillors of State.

A&. I. Scœn. 3.

MALINDO, HIRVDO.

Grosse indignation! manifest repulse!
Am I neglected? O disdainfull Prince!
May wee obserue thy peeuisht altitude,
Like a contemptiue groome or Sycophant,
Without your glaunce and poore espyall? Iudge,
O iudge my quarrell some ingenious man,
Witnesse my righteous challenge of his pride;
Resolue me some indifferent arbiter,
How to digest this ignominious pill.
My loue and duty both reiected thus?
My dignity esteem'd so little worth?
My salutations frustrate? Some poore doubt,
Who payes a curtesie and supple cringe
For euery dram of aire hee suckes in,
Cannot be vs'd with lesse humanity.
Wee, bending, stoop'd before his Maiesty,
Hee, with a crabbed countenance, cleane auers'd,
Goes on like some dull statue; neuer stoopes,
Nor smiles, but with a frowning arrogance,
Iust like a moulded picture, like the frame
Of a supported Image, doth moue on,
As by some artificiall new deuite,
Puppets are scene to make a solemne daunce.
He now attended with a barball size
Of sober Statesmen, doth reiect my loue,
As if I were not in full æquipage
Of his owne yeares: nay almost of degree,
Excepting his high place of Soueraigne,
O pride of Princes! ô how forceable

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Be scornfull frownes from an offended King?
 This argues guilt, and makes me culpable,
 Without a conscious crime; without pretence
 Of any thing committed: In defence
 I therefore well may pleade pure ignorance.
 What new suggestion should exasperate
 The Kings displeasure? doubtlesse, he of late,
 And his bigge title, was more affable,
 More gent and curteous: but the crowne perhap
 Is heauy, and requires the cunnning helpe
 Of those gray dotards (who indeed possesse
 Our most deluded Monarch) to support
 A thing so massy, and immence; proceed,
 Soone may my wrathfull curses ouertake
 The proudest veine of their aduanced soules:
 May the vaste concaue of *Olympus* cracke
 And giue a signall to our Gods decree
 Of dissolution ready to approach,
 Of earth and heauen their latest period,
 When I repent my curse, or do abstaine
 From an effectuall meanes, which may procure
 Destruction, though delai'd; yet deadly sure.
 Am I not noble? bred of æquall stemme
 With *Sparta's* chiefe and best Magnificoes?
 My Auncestors (remou'd but nine degrees)
 Knew neuer man below the bloud of Kings
 Worth æmulation, as a riual fit
 For them, admitting mighty Emperours,
 None as aboue, but as competitors:
 From those heroicke monuments of *Greece*,
 From those *Hyrudo* you can testifie,
 Our selfe deriues a lineall descent:
 And by the law of *Heralds* dignity,
 (A sect supported by antiquity)
 I am enrould amid the chiefeest ranke
 Of Dukes, which gouerne this *Peninsula*:
 Yet shall I trauerse so obsequiously,

Within.

CINTHIAS REVENGE.

Within the glaunce of his huge altitude,
Like some dejected melancholy Asse,
Which feeds on thistles. H Y. Death! you are abuse,
Were I the man appointed to sustaine,
So vnderferu'd a signall of disgrace,
The proudest King in *Europe* should perceiue,
I'de not digest an iniury so base.
You being the subiect of such high abuse,
You should with faction terrifie the King,
Amaze the Court, and make your opposites
Tremble againe like babes, who shaking stand,
Doubtfull of mercy from the Tutors hand.
Were I the man whom dignity of place
Entitled to such vaste prerogatiue
As you enioy, no scandall, no disgrace,
Should touch my honour without full reuenge:
The King himselfe should not escape my spleene,
(Vpon so iust a quarrell) I'de affront
His ample greatnesse: nay expostulate
On equall termes, why without open cause
He should reiect my seruice with a frowne,
I'de taxe him of vngouern'd appetite,
Selfe-humour, peeuish ignorance of state,
And charge him to amend infirmities:
If like a tyrant hee but durst reply,
Rating the licence of audacity,
Then would I menace torture; I would teare,
The big voluminous Title he doth weare
Pin'd on his backe by parasites and knaues,
Who though they want, yet can bestow much grace,
Kings when they leaue to be vpright, are base.
M A L. Make me acknowledge this thy loue sincere,
Bring thy magnanimous courage into act;
O be my agent, reconcile the doubts
Which do possesse my intellectuall sence.
The Statesmen are my sole Antigonists,
They do seduce and steale away the King.

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Keepe his heroicke bounty for themselues ;
 They doe detaine his nature punctually,
 Make him (deluded) parsimonious,
 Erect who pleases their magnificence,
 Who them displease, the king must frowne vpon:
 They do entombe the silly wretch aliue,
 Make him as dead, to eminent designses,
 Which they approue not; then reuiue his will,
 To aduenture such, as none approue but they:
 In brieft, they leade him like a Lyons whelp,
 Tame, and yet fierce ; if so the keeper please,
 To wurry with aduantage : then beware,
 Those who offended haue the keepers will ;
 By which, the tame-raught Lyon's gouern'd still.
 H. Y. Beleeu't my Lord, a home-bred naturalist,
 Whose resolution neuer was confirm'd
 By art, example; or experience;
 Who neuer knew a faith historicall,
 (That low step to a warrant rationall)
 His anger would be ready for attempt;
 Nay finish all with very good successe,
 Whilst you reuolue a tedious aduice,
 Of which, too long delay doth spoile the prize.
 M. A. L. But sir, the high opponents, who traduce
 My honour, and good name, be numerous,
 Men of no dung-hill breeding (not aduanc'd
 By some especiall Madame of the Court,
 For a concealement of her secrecie,
 In case, where witnesse, bawdy hand, or scale,
 To broken Titles be restoratiue)
 But matchlesse in theia eminence of birth,
 Not sprung from petty page, or foot-boyes race,
 (Onely remou'd, to fill vp vacant place,
 And rob iudiciall statesmen of deserts,
 To whom by Nations law, all fame reverts)
 No, my assailants be both rich and wise,
 (Two qualities scarce analogicall,

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Yet my oppugnant enemies haue both)
 Rich, wise, and nobly borne; nay fauourites,
 Men of an æquall iudgement with my selfe,
 Ingenious they be (though Flatterers)
 Who with calumnious faction doe depraue
 My potent fortunes, making birth a slave.
 My foes be great, therefore I am dismaid,
 And to incounter great ones am afraid.
 Hy. What huge *Anteus* may of conquest brag,
 Who ouercomes a Pigmey? or insults
 Ouer a simple wretch condemn'd to chaines?
 May *Iouis* owne Eagle stoope at stinking flies?
 And suffer Owles to penetrate the skies?
 Well did that mighty *Indian* dog deserue,
 Whom neither Bucke, mad Bull, nor threatning Boare,
 Could from the kennell make to rise, before
 A stout eouragious Lyon, king of strength,
 Irefull enough, with vengeance in his iawes,
 Prepar'd for single combat; boldly then
 Like a resolu'd Champion forth he flew,
 And the Maiesticke Lyon fiercely slew.
 Giue me a man, whom neither multitude,
 Nor meanes to worke reuenge, can terrifie;
 Who, though incompass'd with corriuall foes,
 Immur'd with aduerse competitors,
 Lest eu'n amidst the circumuenting Iawes,
 Of greedy hounds, and hunters policy;
 Can, like a whirle-winde, in despite of those,
 Who with vnæquall faction dare oppose,
 Fly through the thickest, make their big-swolne mawes,
 Leuell with stinking lakes, and ditches deepe,
 Like a *Colossus* though they stood before.
 Who may esteeme it an inglorious act,
 Rather who thinks the valour not deuine,
 Which through a banded troope of enemies,
 Doth, like some bolt of thunder flye apace,
 And force withstanding obiects to giue place?

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Men of your size being vrg'd with insolence
 Of peeuisht statists amulating pride,
 (A humor most vnnecessary ill)
 Should, like the murdering Chain-shot, driue downe-hill
 Castles and rockes, although impregnable,
 Make mountaines stoope before you, rend vp Okes,
 Buffet large *Atlas* with incessant strokes,
 (Though the supporter of *Olympus* frame)
 Till heau'n and earth begge rescue for the same.
 Yet shallow great-men, they must wise-men seeme,
 For noble births doe liue by peoples breath;
 Nor may the priuiledge of birth redeeme
 Our astimation, subiect still to death;
 Bee theerfore wise (wisedome who dares condeme?)
 If not by nature, then by stratagem.
 M^A. Thou'art yong (*Hirudo*) resolute and wise,
 A plyant apprehension soone will rise;
 Remember now thy naturall good parts,
 Thinke if they serue to reconcile the doubt
 Of my ensuing mischiefe; prethee thinke,
 If thou dar'st venture boldly to remoue
 My foes from bounty of *Menanders* loue:
 Which, till the blinded King doe abrogate,
 Each foole may from my fortunes derogate.
 Combine thy powers, and ingenious parts
 To salue the wound of my disgrace, which smarts,
 And be my creature; meditate withall
 Our now-declining ioyes to re-install:
 And be my creature; satisfie the King
 By some corrupted meanes, or any thing:
 And bee my creature; may some new deuise,
 Purchas'd by Magicke Art, and hellish prise,
 Wholly avert the puny Kings beliefe
 From our opponents tales, which doe in chiefe
 Poyson my merits; ô abolish those,
 And bee my creature, or indeed deere slaue
 I will bee thine; doe but employ some care

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

To best aduantage of thy agent-skill;
Remember then, thou art my creature still.
HY. Know then I loue thee Duke, and must preferre
Thy fortunes, though I doe confiscate all,
Whom Gods will not releiue, inuention shall.

Act. I. Scœn. 4.

LVCILLA, HYRVDO, LESBIA.

The King my brother? No, my brother clowne,
Malitious coxcombe, pceuissh *Spartan*-foole;
Death/brided? ô my torments! LES. Madam know,
He is contract already. LV. To a whore?
The strumpet *Fauerina*? HY. Hearke iust heauen!
She railes vpon a virgin, whose pure soule
Might giue example of true chastity
To her owne spotted, leprous infamy.
LES. Now old *Hyarchus* laughs. LV. Her father: yes:
A rotten Magistrate, who may thanke warme clothes,
Caudels and physicke for each rising Sunne,
Which he poore man is made partaker of,
His daughter must be married to the King:
So, I, degraded must acknowledge one
Aboue vs, in our female properties.
Be boundlesse my exclames, and terrible;
(Curfes) assemble your offensive rage,
And helpe a womans fury to disgorge
The poyson of her stomacke, in the face
Of a most spightfull brother, whose designe
Is vnto me a purge so laxatiue,
As my vnable body will be spent
With bitter execrations; ô I feele
The storme of vengeance wrestle in my bloud,
Tempting my soule to bee more great then good.
O may the horror of some fatall knife,
Finish the blessings of my brothers wife.

May

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

May she liue loath'd, or neuer may she liue,
 Till heauens vnto my happinesse shall giue
 A freedom, to insult and tyrannize,
 Vpon that impious whore, that Cockatrice.
 O may new mischiefe tread vpon the heeles
 Ofterroure, to affront the ioy she feeles.
 Let some infernall Negromanticke charme,
 Change their expected happinesse to harme.
 Let many clouds salute their nuptiall morne,
 With omenons affrights in way of scorne.
 The height of mischife makes my sorrow sound,
 As *Ope-balsum* doth a bleeding wound.
 HY. O the rude licence of a womans rage,
 Who her malignant discords can presage?
 So, let her vanish, and her gall vnmaske,
 Till wee accomplish our appointed taske.

Act. 1. Scœn. 5.

HYRVDO, MENANDER, FAVORINA, HYARCHVS,
 PHEVDIPPE, MALINDO, EUPHORBVS,
 HIPPONAX, LICTOR.

My sorry conscience doth recoyle (old men)
 Worthy *Malindo* did inforce my vow
 To proue delinquent, rather then oppose
 My dreaded soueraignes life (an impious act,
 Vrg'd by the cunning of more impious age.)
 O then submit, with pœnitentiall teares
 Confesse, your age offends the King through feares,
Omn. Magistr. Our age offend the King? we vrge this act?
 HY. Of murther: yes, you loue *Monopolies*.
Om. Mag. Subtrill distraction!. LIC. Silence. ME. *Hipponax*.
Hyarchus we disclaime your subtilties.
 FAVO. My father so reiected? MEN. Queene forbearc,
Malindo is our faithfull favourite.
 MA. In thy protection let our kingdome liue.

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

MEN. Welcome braue Duke; be euer mine, belou'd;
 Accounted in the chiefest scarlet ranke
 Of vnderstanding Iudices; we thanke
 Your noble and magnaminous resolute,
 Your charitable vndertaking; be aduanc'd
 And euer in my bosome: you are loyall.
MAL. Daigne mighty Monarch but experience,
ME. Your loue already hath in ample sort,
 Giu'n testimoniall enough: be grac'd
 And euer happy in our high account:
 Another subiect Officer I haue,
Phendippe cal'd; on whom the graces smile:
 A man so absolute in my approue,
 That Nature hath reseru'd small dignity
 Which he enioyes not. Welcome friend approach,
 Forsake the Citie, euer dwell in Court;
 Nay neerer, in my bosome: we obserue
 Your manifest indeuour, diligence,
 And all industrious faculties that lodge
 Themselues in thee with a true correspondence,
 Wee note your proiects, and esteeme them highly.
PHE. I seruile groome put forth small industry,
 Excepting what I owe in subiects duty.
MEN. My father, in the latest fillable
 Of his weake vt'trance, did inculcate often,
 Thy vnrewarded loyalty: be bigge
 In honour, and out-shine the radiant glosse
 Of bearded politicians: kneele before vs,
 And in vprising swell with a new name:
 No more *Phendippe*, but all-potent Duke
 Of wide *Ilirium*; (noble friend) arise,
 We diue into the bottome of thy soule,
 Which doth ingender a sweet sympathy.
 Liue long and happy in a Monarchs loue:
Malindo, you prouide some Theatre,
 Some regall shew, wherewith we mutually
 May solace and disport our heauinesse.

CINTHIA'S REVENGE. 5

Hyrrdo liue : May treason euer finde
 The biting tortures of a troubled minde.
 You magistrates imagine it a curse,
 And punishment beyond all punishment.
 (If you attainted are with any guilt
 Of so enorme designes) thinke it a curse
 To sucke vp the salubrious aire, and liue,
 Fame will infect you, though I pardon giue :
 OMN. So prosper we as we are innocent.

Act. I. Scœn. 6.

MALINDO, HYRVDO.

Good slaue I thanke thee, thou hast reconcil'd
 The Kings distastfull and ambiguous frowne,
 I must enroule thee in the Catalogue
 Of my professed fauorites : contemne
 The seruile clog of stooping curtesie:
 • Enioy what euer in the bounds of freedome.
 Be idle, and securely friuolous,
 Wanton or any thing that appertaines
 Vnto a noble personage of worth.
 Or if thou wishest a contented life,
 Free from the cauils incident to worth,
 Bee onely idle, euer gazing out
 Of publique windowes, and obserue the pride
 Of such a man, faire mounted on his cloth
 And gelding dapple gray, accounting all
 His footmen, till the coltish bayard stumble.
 Bee whom thou pleassest, whom thou dost suppose
 A blessed man is, absolutely rich.
 HY. All this demands a furtherance, my Lord.
 MA. Yes, and that furtherance will I bestow :
 But the most noble haue their enemies,
 Their opposites, antagonists; nay some
 Of ragged base repute do still suruiue,

Who

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Who (notwithstanding) dare maligne the state
Of vs, though splendor to the Common-weale.
These vomit forth each scandall, each contempt,
Malice and gall together: poyson choke them;
I feele their aspicke venome here involu'd,
They wound worse then a raging Basyliske.
How bitter is the taste of contumele!

Some patience I intreate thee (beau'n) bestow
Vpon our scandalized name: *Reproch*,
That common aduersary of vs all,
Who are in a good way to purchase fame,
Doth dog vs to our latest winding-sheer,
Euen to the wombe of our great grand-mother,
That neuer satisfied wombe of earth.

Blame not my zealous anger, I am hot,
And carried with true valour, to the pitch
Of an exclaime so requisite: ô slaues,
And prodigies of nature, that will taint
Pure sanctity; nay, eu'n the Gods aboue,
And their incomprehended holinesse;
Their sacred essence, with like blasphemy;
If but enrag'd awhile, as they do mine.

H Y. Who? or what man is he that dares do thus?
S'death I will not endure the sight of him.

M A. How? speake that againe, doe you remember well?

H Y. S'death I will not endure the sight of him.

M A. No? why thou vngratefull man; must I aduance,
Must I search out a lodging for thy soule,
And make roome for thy friendship in our bosome?
Canst euer hope to bee incorporate

With my owne essence? the same man almost,
And not endure the presence, nay the sight
Of our malicious foe? recall your thought:
Each timorous fellow, that abhorres the name
Of absolute reuenge, could say no more:

What? runne away from our condemned foe?

H Y. Ile not endure the presence; nay the sight

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Of such a slaue, yet neuer turne my heeles:
 No, I'de embowell the base rogue at first,
 Contriue a quicke dispatch: the villaines heart
 Would I expose vpon a mountaines top,
 Or offer it vpon my faulchions point,
 Fresh bleeding to some wrathfull Deity,
 Of vnappeas'd reuenge, in sacrifice:
 I'de mixe my vrine with his reeking blood,
 And pisse vpon the carkasse in despite,
 Disseuer ioynts and flesh, till all were done,
 Then toast his marrow in the melting Sunne:
 I'de not endure the sight of him alieue.

M. A. Courageous resolution! I commend
 Such vehemence in valor: this doth vrge
 And animate my purpose to be quicke,
 Royall, and open-breasted to a man
 Of such full vndertaking euery way.
 Let vs imploy this youthfull vehemence
 Betimes: a quicke bloud cals for action.
 Imagine this the pauement where my foe
 Hath fixt (vpon the quarrell) his firme foot;
 For know that such a villaine doth suruiue,
 Whom I will scourge in thee my fauorite,
 Briefly you must disgrace and murder him
 Whose name is hitherto conceal'd; but you
 (After instruction for the stratagem)
 Shall know the varlet, whom you must imagine
 (Meerely for apprehension) is your selfe.
 I like a russaine (which remember well,
 You must hereafter practise) though for instance
 I will now vndertake it, vnawares
 I fetch away your not misdoubting heeles
 From of the trampled earth, eu'n thus: then swear
 Some oath of high importance, that the aire
 Shall neuer be infected with a slaue,
 Who breathes out poysoned blasphemy on earth.
 Swear then that neither shining light of day

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

No interchanged seasons shall affoord
One minute more of blessing, that himselfe
Shall not enioy one article of breath
Beside, to aske forgiuenesse of the world:
Swear that no planet, no supernall starre,
No *Hercules*, no *Gigantean* arme
Shall rescue villaines from appointed harme:
Then spit him through the center of his heart,
Eu'n thus, *Hirudo*. Hy. But you iest Im'e sure.
S'death I am slaine; forbear, ingratitude!
I perish without expectation: O.
M A. May my suspected agents perish euer.

Act. I. Scœn. 7.

MALINDO, MESSENGER, PERILLVS.

There sleepe (vnthought of) in a vaulted tombe:
Thus great men must be iealous of their fame,
Preuent all blemish in a noble name.
Now King and kingdome both are almost mine,
Lights be obscured when the greater shine.
The King reputes me loyall and submisse,
(Transparent coulour to deceiue a Prince)
(But hell beare record) I am bent to ruine,
To purchase kingdomes, or impeach my state,
Who neuer ventur'd, neuer knew his fate.
In *Epires* rule now liues my noble friend,
Thither will we addresse our false complaint,
Pretending I am hated here at Court,
Threarned to death, not likely to escape,
Withall insinuate our appointed ioy,
Which siue dayes hence the King doth celebrate.
Informe I may, that then both Prince and Peeres,
Will bee assembled in the Theater:
And being so, how safely hee may send
A manad'd Army to destroy them all.

(Dissembling)

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

(Dissembling still the meanes to rescue mee
 When I am safe aduanc'd) but meaning most
 To further my aduancement : for which cause
 I fram'd this little motiue : Hoe within,
 Fly to the confines of *Epirots* rule,
 Deliuer vnto *Cassius* my friend,
 The Gouvernour, this caution heere inclos'd,
 Vrge him vpon allegiance euer due,
 From one friend to another, to make haste.
 Speake this, and speake no more, neither to any
 Open the passage dores of vterance,
 But to my friend, my deere, my best beloued,
 M E S. Imagine me a blocke, a *Niobe*,
 Conceiue my mouth to be deuoid of tongue,
 Till with content I do accomplish all.

M A. Bee secret as calme silence, or the night.
 My care must follow to frame Theaters,
 Warning the *Megalenses*, our Comædians
 To act some pithy and applauded Scene,
 Wherewith to shadow my pretensive zeale.
 But well-incountred (Poet) 'pray approach,
 And let vs parley of an Enterlude.

P E R. Patron of Poets, much esteemed Duke,
 Leauing the Muses, and my pleasant cares
 Regarding yours more then my owne affaires,
 Poore Poet Il'e attend your conference,
 Command mee euer, most ingenious Lord.

M A. Command *Perillus*? no, intreate thee rather,
 Each high-borne Title must aduance the worth
 Of holy rapture : pray informe the Actors
 Of some true Morall, of some Tragedy
 Or else some subject more ridiculous,
 Which may with new deuif'd conceits stir vp
 The dull and solemne audience. P E R. Beleeue
 Il'e stretch the scantnesse of my Mother-wit,
 Rather then faile for to accomplish it.
 The God of Kings protect thee : so adiew.

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

MAL. Attempts of great men speake in filuer tones,
Thus gilded tombes ore-shadow dead mens bones.

Act. 1. Scœn. 8.

CASSIUS, SOVLDIR, MESSENGER.

SOV. A speedy foot-poast heere attends your honor.

CAS. His message? SOV. Out of Greece, and more precisely
From Sparta. CAS. Then admit the messenger.

Now friend, your businesse? MES. Open fir the Casket.
Somewhat's within contain'd, that will instruct you.

CAS. *Arme if thou lou'st me noble CASSIUS,*

And helpe thy brother with a royall rescue,

I am in prison, prethee make great haste,

Or I am dead: 'gainst Ianus-festiuall,

Addresse thy courage to assault our King,

Both King and Statesmen kill, for fit occasion

Will bee afforded, while they sleep: secure

Busied with ioy, and iesting Cordials.

Arme if thou lou'st me noble Cassius?

Yes, arme I will, and in despite of spight

Rescue thy valor from the blackest night,

Which enuy, or malignant wrath can yeeld,

To darken thy resplendant sortitude.

Carry the letter (friend) from whence you brought it,

Let nothing hinder quicke deliuery:

Nothing excels a wise dexterity.

Act. 1. Scœn. 9.

PERILLVS, 2 MEGALENSES, MESSENGER.

You (*Titio*) shall act *Mandragons*,

But you (*Eulatio*) stout *Bellephoron*,

Each hath his part appointed, as in playes,

And this our actiue Scœne, so in the world

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

All haue their parts allotted to begin
 At seasons knowne after natiuity,
 But our evasion out of misery,
 What cunning Sophist may denominate?
 As for the Prologue in my sportiue Scene,
 There needs no Actor it to amplifie;
 The festiuall approaches, let vs giue

Direction to your fellowes: Looke *Enlilio*,
 Vnloose that Paper, or peruse the Title:
 No superscription? rend the seale, and reade.

{ MESSENGER
 LOOSETH THE
 LETTER. }

Ti. *Arise if thou lou'st mee noble Cassim,*
And helpe Malindo with a royall rescue,
I am in prison, prethee make great haste,
Or I am dead: at Ianius Festiuall. &c.

Words of amazement, and exceeding strange.

PER. I smell a treason hypocriticall.

Ti. A iust construction; correspondent sure,
 To this inuent. *PE.* And therefore *Tisio*,
 You (much disguis'd) may safe annihilate
 Both his, and our proceedings: Let's be wise,
 It's pen a part shall dash the enterprise.

Act. I. Scœn. 10.

MENANDER, PHEVDIPPE, MALINDO, AMILCAR,
 LELIO, HIPPONAX, HYARCHVS, EV-
 PHOREVS, FAVORINA, LES-
 BIA, TITIO, *Milnes.*

Ioue, or what-else supernall Deity,
 The Gods and Goddesses who gouerne Kings,
 Who arbitrate the schisme of month and yeares,
 Whose sacred essence heauen and earth adore,
 To whom the greatest potentates below,
 Do sacrifice their *Greekiſh Hecatombes*,
 These are accustom'd to dispence with ioy,
 And in remembrance of their holy acts,

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

(As now) we often solemnize the day,
Recorded long from all antiquity,
And ciuill ioy perhibite without feare;
Mirth may refresh not difanull my care.
Phendippe (friend) sit heere; all do agree,
That each mans place should answere dignity.
So, call for this appoined melody.

T I. A quiet calme foretels tempestious winde,
And faire-plum'd swans sing sweetest when they dye.
Gesture doth oft conceale a traytors minde,
And many golden dreames do prone a lye,
Sent and inspir'd by heauens high thundring *Ioue*,
I bid you arme, desist from iollity,
Those who pretend, shew colourable, loue,
What ere avoids the test, is flattery
Gliding a farre from out the *Thracian* soile,
I could espy *Malind's* friend in armes,
Swiftly addressing his battalions,
Heere to entrap and fully ruinate
You ancient Magistrates, thee matchlesse King.

M A L. Soueraigne the fellow is lunaticke,
Remoue the mad man firs; away with him.

T I. Not mad *Malindo*, thou a traytor art,
Take witnesse from that paper, his owne part,

M E. *Lelio*, Lord Generall, giue speedy battell.

L E. Arme souldiers, arme, cry conquest and approach.

M E. Make ready forces to repell the foe.

M A L. Arise from foggy *Lerna* some foule smoake.

Each liuing creature without mercy choake.

Be euer clouded *Phæbus*, may thy light,

Turne in a moment to æternall night:

Returne obliuion, or the antique age;

Forgotten Chaos, and the pilgrimage

Of vndefiled mans first innocence,

That I all torment may escape on earth,

And be accounted guiltlesse (as at birth)

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

O for enchantments, for a potent charme,
 A magicke spell that may con-iure the clouds,
 To couer mee with darknesse at noone-day!
 For such a charme would I expose the wealth
 Of *Tagus*, or the Ocean (were it mine)
 Helpe, ô assist mee some infernall aid,
 Now be propitious (Hell) I am betraid.
Fortune, ô strumpet! Il'e aduance the darke
 And fearefull habitation of the dead,
 Il'e worship witches, and extoll the praise
 Of *Pluto*, Il'e preferre impiety,
 Canonize all before thy Deity.
 The blood of *Nessus* neuer did inforce
 A *Hercules* to halfe such vehemence.

ME. Was't you *Malindo*, that through mischiefes baite
 Compos'd this ensigne of a hollow heart?
 Alas I lou'd thee well, why didst deuise
 Such fatall Scenes, fashion'd of blood and death?
 The paper mourn'd when thou thy mind hadst writ,
 Yes, mourn'd in blacke meerely to thinke on it:
 But you persist in deepe obdurasie.
 I mourne my selfe, yet am deuoid of pittie,
 Because thy error is ambitious pride.

MAL. The man whom fate hath from æternity,
 From since the words beginning, hath enrol'd
 Amidst mis-fortunes mournfull Catalogue,
 Whose downfall frowning planets haue conspir'd,
 Who neuer was the bounded fauorite
 Of way-ward rumor; whom aduersity
 Hath wholly seiz'd, whom heauens appointed awe
 Prepares as fatall obiect of disdain
 To leuell her inuenom'd aime against.
 O let him euer dwell in mothers wombe,
 Or let that Infants cradle be his tombe.

ME. Conduct him Souldiers to the *Carnisæx*,
Euphorbus, you attend the finall gaspe,
 Then giue to *Cassius* the decouped scull.

MAL.

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

MAL. Ambition leades vs to the fountaines brinke,
But then affoord's destruction 'stead of drinke.

Act. I. Scœn. II.

LELIO, SOVLDIERS, AMILCAR, LVCIL-
LA, SACERDOS. &c.

ME. We reade large conquest in our Captaines face,
Stand forth some sober nuntius, relate
The maner of this notable de-signe,
AMIL. *Brontes*, nor did *Pyragmon* euer shake
The Anuile of that Iron-munger God
Vulcan, with blowes so vn-supportable,
In hammering the thunderbolts of *Ioue*,
As did the courage of our Generall
(By animating souldiers to attempt)
Shatter the weake array of *Cassius*.
He faint (for faintnesse euer doth attend
On such designs) being faint before the time
Of on-set, he withdrew so speedily,
As, that retinue of his rebell-flaues,
Beg'd noble mercy of the Conquerour.
But wee, like some fierce Gyant giu'n to spoyle,
Enrag'd with a remembrance of their act;
Their too contemptuous vp-rore; did reply,
With anger vnappeal'd in bloody phrase,
That no compassion should redeeme their liues
From famine of our faulchions: for indeed,
Rebellion must be scourg'd vntill it bleed.
Then slew the common Souldier with such speed,
To enterprife in rigor the new spoyle,
As neuer did a hungry Woolfe insult!
With more vn-satisfied reuenge, then they.
Grim *Slaughter* in a Chariot of dead sculs,
Rode vp and downe triumphing, till darke night
Shooke off the fetlocke from her sleepy iades,

And

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

And gaue way for retrait; each man before
Trod in contempt vpon the scattred foe,
Vntill my fortune, rather then exploit,
Slue the once owner of this, vn-ioyn'd scull,
Then euery man gaue backe, with blood being full.

ME. Magnanimous *Amilcar*, I account
Thy courage beyond apprehension; swell,
Swell my *Phendippe* with abundant ioy,
Reioyce in thy coragious sonne, like mee,
Who vaunt the rather, euen because thy sonne
Doth so behaue himselfe, thou being my friend,
Whom I esteeme aboue all earthly good.
Stand forth *Phendippe*, honour doth attend
To cast a gracious smile vpon thee, friend;
And thee *Amilcar*, let vs magnifie.

Malindo sleepes (*Amilcar*) I aduance
Thee through the ruine of his dignity,
Possesse both place and goods. *Ami.* Without desert
As hitherto; but I will endeuour.

ME. We haue a sister, where is she? *Lucilla?*

Let some attendant vrge her company:
Bring hither likewise an appointed Priest,
(Be not amaz'd my sober Magistrates)
Phendippe, you shall be espous'd to her:
Her Il'e bestow, and without preiudice
On thee alone, my noble Bed-fellow.

PH. EV. Pardon (deere Liege) least worthy I of all
To be a Monarchs kinsman, lesse, to be call'd
The brother of a Greekish King, your selfe.

ME. Do not refuse, for (noble friend) my loue
Onely admits thee as a friend and brother,
And for a witnesse that I make this league
Of loue and friendship; let's embrace each other.

PH. E. Euer obeisance to your Maiesty.

ME. My sister doth approch, let grooms make way
For beauty able to obscure the day.

Sister, behold thy husband; friend, thy wife,

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Marriage doth breed, but sooner banish strife,
You (Priest) the *Hymeneall* rites may offer:
Acceptance is experienc'd by proffer.

SACE. Let *Hymen* triumph, and vnite your soules.

ME. Now liue in peace, and brother aske a boone:
Aske what you list, for grant I will what-euer,
Which henceforth may commemorate the time
Of an espousall so remarkeable.

PHB. Your deuine Maiesty accumulates
Honour, aboue the trite capacity
Of all contemptuous age; that auncestors
(Before thy hallowed birth-day) did approue:
(Great King) I haue a kinsman, though obscure,
Yet wealthy, whom (because obscure) I begge
A small part of your high magnificence,
But to enroule amid the Catalogue
Of those you least remember: Kings be wise,
Their bounty will prouoke a slaue to rise.
ME. To desie the worth of whom wee loue,
Aduancement Il'e impouerish, compell
Honour to huggeth thy kinsman, till a warmth
Quicken his humble bloud without controule.
Enuy, (the scourge of Kings) be henceforth dumbe,
Thus will I treason euermore entombe.
And thus exault our loue beyond all merit,
Birth may do much, loue makes the low inherit.

Finis Actus primi.

Act. 2. Scæn. I.

PHIYDIPPE.

AMidst my slumber, circumvolu'd with doubt,
In this thicke midnight darkenesse, now all sence
Securely lyes inchain'd; now potent dreames,

With

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

With vnresisted awe, rule the dead lump
 Of mans poore fabricke; now all humane flesh,
 Kings, and the sterne-brow'd Tyrants doe submit
 Their maiesty to *Sleeper* Imperiall feet.
 Now, not long since I dream'd, and could with ease,
 Vtrer the subiect, how a mishapen hag,
 His haire full horrid blacke, huge were his eyes,
 Bigge, like a bowle encompassed with bone,
 Thrice did the Impe appeare, did vanish thrice,
 Three massy Crownes, of worth inastimate,
 (Had they enioy'd a worth substantiall :)
 Thrice did hee shew, and thrice againe withdraw
 The hallowed obiects, then a pace proclaime
Quodlibet, hee, and away departs.
 I then awak't, strooke with extreme amazement,
 And nimble leaping from a secure couch,
 Came to expell this ominous affright.
 Reading, or whatsoeuer can auaille
 The vigor of temptation, to withstand,
 Wee should perhibite (though against our will.)
 Heer's an aspiring Poet, whose proud touch,
 May eleuate some braine above the flight
 Of nimble apprehension; Il'e vnclasp
 Thy sacred volume, *Lucan*: Il'e content
 My rōuing fancy with full argument.
 He writes of witherd sculs, of mutiny,
 Ominous apparitions of the dead,
 Of *Cesar*, *Pompei*, and Imperiall state,
 Of combats forreigne, of domesticke broyles,
 Of dire inuasion, of ambitious warre,
 (What-euer makes vs noble) fortitude,
 Of expert vndertaking, of euent:
 O hee's a fellow able to inflame
 The frosty stomacke of a staru'ling youth,
 Who wholly feeds on rheumish winter-plums.
 An Author of commanding Altitude,
 And such a man giue me; a man of worth,

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Who makes the reader rub his paled brow,
 Makes idle nature melt away in fume,
 Giues breath and courage to out-puffe the Cannon:
 Such Authors you may feele at fingers end,
 They gallop in your blood, prouoke each veine,
 To giue them passage without violence,
Bella per amathios plusquam ciuilia campos
Iusq; datum scelere canimus populumq; potentem:
Nec quenquam nunc ferre potest, Caesar-ve priorem
Pompeius-ve parem: quis iustus induit arma
Scire nefas: magno se iudice quisque tuctur.
 Ah Pompei, Pompei, if thy hallowed acts,
 Once more might flourish, I would emulate
 Those bold incounters; ô most happy men,
 Whom Fate enroules to bee victorious:
 They conquer, spoyle, subuert, and ædifie
 Turne Dukes, nay Kings to common Parasites,
 And make the proudest flatter to winne life:
 Yet Kings are mighty: yes and æquall too;
 (Though weake, although base cowards by the law
 Of naturall indowment) yet the name
 Doth yeeld them æquall; nay about the fame
 Which often doth enrich a conquerour.
 What may we hence collect? a principle,
 A maxime of no vulgar consequence:
 Subiects are base, and to acknowledge one
 Superiour, doth note seruility:
 O what a most perpetuall slaue is man,
 If not the chiefeft in prædominance?
 Let obscure polititians be content
 As chiefe in Parish; or some petty Towne,
 I'de make Dominions tremble with a frowne:
 Make euery subiect, high and low obserue
 The heauy danger of our discontent,
 Or make a precious forfeit of each life.
 Woe to that King where subiects be inflam'd
 With greater zeale of eminence then hee:

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

There must inuasion triumph, timelesse death,
Rapes, murther, all iniquity of age :
By gulfes, by rockes, eu'n by the iawes of hell.
Wee swim who would obtaine the gates of heauen.
O what a large deuinity's involu'd
About the awfull phrase of *Emperour*.
The name, the name of *King*, how it awakes
Our caitife blood, quickens our faculty!
Ambition be my iudge, if I were sicke,
Wounded with pistols, out of hope to liue,
Forsaken by all Art and physicke law,
Lay speechlesse in my chamber, lost my sence
Of man or voyce making no difference
Yet through the magicke of this powerfull sound,
You are a King, (if hallowed in my eare)
I should againe recover, should recoyle
Skip forty fadome from the couch, and sing,
Dance without shame, though naked, without noise
Trample amid the pauement, touch my rooffe,
Run giddy with glad passion, rub my veines,
Like one reuiu'd anew, esteeme all base
Vnder bloud-royall, be a ranke mad man,
Till ioy and rapture both were cleane digested.
How readily mans temper is traduc'd?
How forceable temptation doth oppose
The supernaturall act of doing well?
Wee are like windemills on ambitious mounts,
Open to euery tempest, which will turne
Our sailes without resistance : like the waues
Wurried from shores to rocks; from rocks to shelve;
Man is not man till he deny himselfe.
Yet on our state's impos'd a flauish curse,
To see things good, though we conuiue at worse.

CINTIA'S REVENGE.

Act. 2. Scœn. 2.

PHEVDIPPE, LVCILLA.

Lv c. Ah husband, husband, what excessive care
Inuaded me with violence? shot farre
Into my shaking bosome, when I saw
Your sudden abience? heauy sleepe alas
No sooner left mine eye-lids, gaue me leaue
To aske, how does the comfort of my soule?
How does my silent loue? my deere *Phevdippe*?
But with familiar lip, and flexile arme,
I seiz'd vpon the pillow 'stead of thee.
Thinke how intruding iealously began
To blurre whateuer I could wisedome call,
Within me, or without me; which alas,
All know's extreamely dwarfish in our sexe.
Ph. Iealous the first night wife? Lv. O then or neuer
An honest, louing wife is iealous euer.
Iealous at home, least husbands ouer-vex
A painfull heart with meditation,
Of matters which concerne his family.
Iealous when husbands bee enforc'd to trauell;
Danger exceeds the objects they do meet,
Whether by sea, or in the publicke street.
I (peeuish tooke) perceiuing you were gone,
Thus in my choler did expostulate:
Doth hee for some dislike abhorre my sheets?
Neglect what others loue? the maiden sweets
Of mutuall embracement? may mens taste
Loose their accustom'd relish, and refuse
The mellow ioyes of ripe virginity?
Will hee contemne the sportiue dalliance
That married couples may engrosse with leaue?
Will he this mid-night shew himselfe no man?
The first night of our meeting bee disgrac'd?
Or will hee by disaster end all strife?

Perish?

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Perish? and so preuent a formall taxe
That may impeach his manhood? Thus, euen thus
Poore foolish I did thus prauaricate;
Thus (for indeed wee women struggle much
Vntill deliuer'd of opinion) thus
Did louing zeale praiudicate amisse.
You are offended (loue) I doe suspect
See how his colour's chang'd, astonishment!
Prethee what pensiue thoughts oppresse thy soule?
I reade the humor of a malecontent
Written betweene your eye-browes; recollect
The common sparkes of scatter'd Maiesty.
Speake gentle sir. PHE. Women, women, women.
L v. What of women? PHE. Most women loue to talke,
To scatter tales, and yet sweare silence too,
To breed sedition, to deceiue all those
Who in simplicity are confident,
Of honest meaning: o they doe insult
With a tyrannicke boldnesse ouer one
Who through bewitch'd opinion, doth impart
The substance of included secrecie.
O they wil dare the soule of such a man,
Make him so subiect to their base command,
As if they had his heart-strings in their hand.
L v. Raile at our sexe? why husband, though perhap
Such women do suruiue, what will you hence
Conclude within their guilt, my innocence?
PHE. Cry mercy wise, good faith I did imagine
Their wicked conuersation, generall,
(All in good time be otherwise:) But wise,
The painters of our age be culpable
Of high abuse committed; they portraict
Each mentall vice in habit of a whore,
A Hagge, a Witch, or Woman, at the least.
L v. Vertue (although the others opposite)
Is painted with the like habiliment,
Therefore conclude, if tender woman-hood

Take

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Take any full impression of deceit,
 Vertue, or vice, of either strong beleefe,
 Or colourable incredulity;
 To change her minde will aske another age,
 You may conuert beleefe, you may reuoke
 Errors of wise-men, by a deepe dispute,
 But women settled, nothing will confute.
 For painters do imply this consequent
 By embleme; that our sexe is permanent.
 PHEV. Are you so philosophical I'faith?
 Well dost thou argue, for thy sexe and selfe.
 Shee hath a ripe conceit, and I approue
 Her subtrill apprehension, out of loue.
 I relish her deepe iudgement; for indeed,
 My railing labour'd onely to obtaine
 Of wits reply the due experience,
 That in our wisdom of credulity,
 We may impart a proud conspirasie.
 women shoot faire sometimes, though seldome true
 Like whetstones they giue edge to trickes anew.
 Braue *Catiline* for this cause did account
 Yong *Orestilla* worthy to partake
 Of his attempt (though farre about the braine
 Of woman to accomplish) hee approu'd
 The talkatiue *Sempronia*: Thus will I
 Induce my wife through cunning circumstance,
 To giue directions for a raw conceit:
 Though man is rather blest'd, who may with-hold
 His closet counsell from a womans eare;
 Yet am I of such spungy clay compact,
 As till I am dis-burthen'd of my care,
 Nothing yeelds comfort: ô I must vnclaspe
 A volume, which may preiudice my life;
 Happy's the man who dares beleeu his wife.
 LV. What magicke may this motion ocular
 Of lips, without all vtterance portend?
 PHE. For men to pause at a poore stile of Dukes,

Most

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Most frequent Lords, and yet more common knights

Proclaimes them base and triuiall; if meanes

Of more aduantage may be thought vpon:

Thy father was a King *Lucilla*. L v. Iust.

P H E. And shall the Chronicles of age report

Lucilla was no Queene? Were I a woman--

L v. The Madam *Fauorina* doth vsurpe

My due respect. P H E. Shall *Fauorina* liue?

Shall she out-shine the beauty whom I loue?

Nature, nay Gods deny a double Moone,

They both are ominous; they do import

A prodigie of vprores and of death.

L v. O man assist our weakenesse, wee'le enforce

The potent succour of religious fate;

Con-iure by solemne othe, deepe secrefye

So crowne the vigor of conspiracy.

P H E. Now spoke dame resolution: I adore

Such credible ingagement; and embrace

Faction about all true felicity.

I can discouer yet a childish vice

Within my nature, named cowardise:

I feele a fearefull and familiar stamp

That shewes I am a coward: I recoyle

In thought of high archieuements; I dissolue

With repetition of a sound so braue

As conquest, and *impartiall victory*;

Yet would subdue Dominions; would enthrall

The vast Horizon of our vniuerse:

But I abhorre the sound of enemies;

Of proud resistance: *Ambiguities*

(With cowards) are begotten of each tale

Of each phantasticke rumour; idle care:

A new suggestion will beget new feare.

If notwithstanding women will bee stout

Women (the badge of clamorous affrights)

This would encourage slaues to victory,

And shall encourage mee: my wife is valiant,

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

No creature liuing must (*Lucilla*) dare
 When twise two Moones haue made a change in *Greece*;
 Dare to accost thy super-eminence
 Nor with like priuiledge (as now) affront
 My then sublim'd authority: be iudge
 Thou happy time, when that more haughty phrase
Long line, shall be pronounc'd, with *twice*
 Wee'le then disclaime acquaintance; liue re-cluse;
 Then if wee are dispos'd to imitate
 Some liuely gesture of disdainefull grace,
 And peepe into the publicke aire awhile,
 The thronging Citty will be crowded vp
 In a poore handfull, to ex-patiate
 With rowling eies our vnaccustom'd face.

L v. I am inflam'd already: O ambition
 Be but auspicious; mount my nymble breath
 And win the Gods good liking to command
 Of earth and heauen a hopefull furtherance:
 Swell heart, and with it swell my brauest blood,
 Sug-gest new motiues deere necessity,
 Resolue now for a lucky plot betimes.

P H E. Nay first resolute of some associates:
 Three to a banquet, foure beget a braule
 Sayes our instructiue adage: but i'faith
 Fiue to a bloody banquet makes all square:
 A banquet (wife) a banquet, shall enthrone
 Our happy wishes and our hopefull ioy:
 The King shall dye. L v. Yes, and the new Queene perish.

P H E. The Captaine of his Guard will I corrupt
 With forceable engagement, and faire shewes:
 (Chiefe architects in a designe so rare,
 Sole agents for the great men of our age)
 Him if I do seduce; the Souldiers apt
 For innouation will obey betimes:
 My sonne *Amilcar* (by iniunction bound)
 Must then remoue thy opposite, the Queene:
 My faithfull Steward, sage *Mantesio*

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Hee (by commandement) shall engrosse the corne
Which haruest hath afforded; and procure
The famishment of those who may resist
By insurrection our new seated blisse.

New barnes Ile build, erect new granaries,
Which (open to their wants,) may well remoue
Cripled allegiance, and procure much loue.

L v. The banquet shall obey my prouidence.

PHE. Wee who worke iointly, may ingeminate
An others losse makes many fortunate.

Act. 2. Scoen. 3.

THE GHOST OF MALINDO.

Phendippe false? and shall the king exclaime?
VVrest vengeance from the rage of *Cinthia*?
Distraction talk'd of in the lower *Diu*?
O I am rauish'd with extremity
Of hellish laughter, of loud harmony:
Balme to my torture, musicke to my *soule*!
How sweete this clamorous eccho: *all reuenges*;
Crackes in the iawes of repercussive aire:
Awake thou damned troupe of high-borne youth
Angels of darkenesse my deere friends awake,
Howle forth some ditty, that vast hell may ring
VVith charmes all-potent; earth a-sleepe to bring.
VVee who be barr'd from happinesse by fate;
VVho be confin'de within the fiery gulfe,
The kingdome of perdition; who exempt
From full enioying of supernall good,
VVee do but laugh when our colleagues are damn'd
VVee triumph in their multitude, we daunce
Our dismall rounds; our changes double ouer
VVhilst pur-blind owles with night-rauens do consort,
And still together sing though *Cesays* daunce:
I a meere caitife in the prime of youth

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Nourish'd an itching appetite to rule
 The sudden rigor of which new disease
 Crept in my deereſt blood; vntill at length
 As maggots doe engender by the warmth
 Of violent reflection; ſo attempt
 VVas all encourag'd by deſire, both which
 Creating baſe ambition; bred my fall:
 Thus do prædominant affects conſume
 All hope; and turne the ſubſtance into ſume:
 Yet ſeeing our fate is vn-avoidable
 VVhat may we answer ſaving *welcome fate?*
 For, happineſſe wee exiles neuer knew,
 Nor any ioy doth holineſſe afford
 To vs the out-caſts of *Elizium*,
 But onely this: to yawne aloud below
 VVith loſty ſhouts; when foes may ranged be
 Amongſt our helliſh troupes for company:
 Thus though my obſcure ſhadow much compeld
 Payes due alleageance to King *Pluto's* Court
 Yet by the ſatall wiſedome being inform'd
 Of dire euent, of *Cinthia's* reuenge,
 Reuenge though future; yet in equity
 Hereafter to be caſt vpon the Prince
Menander (he my downefall did approue
 Doom'd execution, him do I abhorre)
 VVill triumph in his mad *Cataſtrophe*:
 And do awake to haunt his company:
 My ſhadowed ſpirit walkes inviſible
 Can worke it ſelte into a Tennis-ball,
 Shoote through the Center, ſearch into the Sea;
 Slide through the Cauernes, penetrate ſtone-wals:
 VVatch by the pillow of a ſleeping man
 VVithout all notice taken, without noiſe;
 Hath liberty to play the *Incubus*;
 Haunt whom I pleaſe with apparitions,
 By priuiledge aſſum'd from *Pluto's* fordge:
 Thus do I haunt *Phenippe*; I ſuggeſt

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Visions of aire, of nocturnall fume,
 Forceable to buzze falshood in his braine:
Falshood in whom the King so deere accounts
 VVill breed a rigor in the Kings exclames;
 Till hee impeach ador'd deuinity,
 His anger will expostulare the cause
 Of change so suddaine, of a breach, in loue
 So manifest; improper, then *Disfrust*
 VVill answere chang's deriu'd from *Cinthia*:
 His passion will approue the pedigree
 And after ful-stuff'd oathes crowne blasphemy:
 Then bloody iaw'd reuenge will trot apace
 Vpon his winged curtall; to attache
Menander of high-treason: O my Ghost
 Shall quaffe downe *Lethe*; tumble in the *Wash*
 The raine-bow couloured waues of *Acheron*:
 I, like some Sea-fish, frolicke with faire shine,
 Will tosse about the billowes of our flood;
 Then through the flames (in leiu of triumph) scudd;
 Till then, implore some wrinkled witch, some hag,
 VVhich may prouoke *Menanders* patience:
 To torment braue companions yeeld much ease
 In sicknesse our associates helpe disease.

Act. 2. Scen. 4.

THE GHOST OF MALINDO, AND THE GHOST OF CASSIUS.

MAL. VVhat shadow voide of substance hither comes?
 VVhat incorporeall essence doth approach?
 VVhat vapors painted like my selfe with fume?
 (VVho steale existence from vniued fogge)
 What substance insubstantiall? what Ghost
 Walks in the clouded element of aire?
 Aread thou dumbe associate of darke
 And theeuissh midnights; now aread thy name.
 CAS. Recitall serues to tortuouse, yet know

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

I am the ghost of slaughtered *Cassio*,
 Slaine for the zeale I nourish'd to a friend;
 Vnfaithfull vsage wrought my timelesse end.
 MAL. My true borne *Cassius*? well incountred; see
 The soule and image of thy zealous friend.
 CAS. What eccho bred of impudence, what aire,
 Eiaculates the name without a blush?
 Avaunt, ô vanish (thou vild caitife) run,
 Least with a repetition of old tort,
 I make thee vanish by the full report.
 Stay thou abortiue image, who assum'st
 The title of a traytor, whom I lou'd,
 Stay thou ignoble wretch, I will informe
 How falshood hath deluded innocence.
 Tremble, ô tremble (earth) when I repeate
 The blacke disaster of my fatall end.
 Tremble; for know, this ignominious man,
 Whose wicked mischiefe did enthrall my dayes,
 Hee was produc'd from out the loynes of earth;
 Yes (damned politician) thy proud aime
 Thought by inuasion to surprise thy prince,
 Vnder pretext of high abuses done,
 Of wrongfull censure, of imprisonment.
 Thus did your oyled speech insinuate,
 Thus moue a simple meaning friend, my selfe
 To traine forth Souldiers; ô impiety!
 Pretending rescue still to vndertake
 Rescue of thee, whose finger did not ache.
 Seated in triumph, sole competitor,
 With Princes of high courage, thou didst rule:
Envy, the common traytor to estate
 Stood farre inough from thee: imprisonment,
 No way impeach'd thy lustre: yet as windes
 Crouded within the re-cluse cauernes, swell,
 That dreadfull earth-quake is ingendred thence,
 So did thy turbulent faction ouer-boyle
 The brim of due obedience: poore I

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

(Incited to rebellion by faire glosse,
Which colourable smoothnesse had put on)
Perish'd in battell, through thy peevish traine,
Imprisonment prou'd false, and rescue vaine.

MAL. I vanish where thy Ghost shall neuer see
My shadowed substance of impiety.

CAS. Runne thou remorselesse Image to the wombe
Of hell, thy heauy mansion: let all sexe
Beleeue that man to lethargy condemn'd,
Who takes a polititian for his friend.

Act. 2. Scœn. 5.

GRACCHVS EVNVCHVS.

Gape greedy *Lerna*, thou most impious gulfe,
Stretch thy vnhalloved gums, belch poyson forth;
Send some infectious plague into my blood,
Into my blood and bosome, send a curse
More biting then the breath of Scorpions:
Be boundlesse my swolne outrage; ô blaspheme
That irreligious deity of chance;
My good estate's consum'd with idle game:
What-euer this inconstant age tearmes *Wealth*,
What-euer I did call *Peculiar*,
My owne poore substance, stil'd with proper name:
What with much trauaile, and extorting meanes,
I scrap'd (laborious to enrich my 'state)
All, in fīue houres, hath foolish game destroy'd:
Large expectation doth impoverish
The wisest polititian: wee are couen'd
With our opinionate lucke; delusiue hope:
Amongst all creatures (vpon æquall tearmes)
Man is most foolish, most improvident;
Confirm'd in a beliefe, that happinesse
Will make an euerlasting harmony
When mischiefe lurkes within our elbow-roome,
I feele the sharpe disease of beggery

Begin

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Beginne eu'n with a thred-bare impudence,
 To seize vpon our nothing-valued life.
 All that is *Courtier* in me, who contemn'd
 To acknowledge one aboue me (but my maker)
 To sue for friendship, cogge for patronage,
 Who was enfranchis'd by the Kings decree,
 Had no reuenues but a morning bribe,
 (Which now of late are pretious things, all men
 Haue so inclin'd themselues to subtilty,
 As they conceiue a Courtiers gullery)
 But I was well provided for, before
 A fowle disaster of such consequence,
 As peeuish gamesters lucke oppress'd my soule.
 All that is *Courtier* in me, now compeld
 Must vanish into smooth-tongu'd flattery.
 With oyled gums, and with a supple arme,
 I must salute my patron (though a foole)
 Insinuate how many blessed yeares
 Hee will enioy, to blesse my indigence:
 Tell him how plumpe, how lusty, latter time
 And my yong mistresse make him, though his face
 More full of wrinckles then a practis'd witch
 With pittifull hoofe-shoulders do consort:
 So, like a fawning Spaniell must I wagge
 At every costiuie wind-fall of a crumme;
 Bid fare-well to my *Courtiership*, and liue,
 Like an arch-foole, a Sycophant: flye hence
 These childish terrors to my pained soule,
 The chiefest Courtiers will my kinsmen bee,
 My fellowes in profession, my colleagues,
 Nay amulate my worth, if I excell,
 In the most ample trade of glosing well.
 O *Gracchus*! *Gracchus*! but a free-borne-life
 Rather alludes vnto felicity,
 If our estate hath no dependant cause,
 If wee possesse without anothers claime,
 Reuenues (cleere from tenancy at will)

Regardlesse

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Regardlesse of obseruance; doe despise
 Payment of homage to a foot-cloth-sir,
 And may reuile the best of Tradesmans coate,
 If he insult (sans præiudiciall feare
 Of a compulsiue debt, or Officers,
 Who follow satisfaction:) for indeed
 Revenues I account, although possess'd,
 Yet if infected with a name of *Debt*,
 Nothing as mine which answeres to the name;
 Possessions be what others cannot claime.
 If without scruple therefore we can boast,
 In so compleat a fashion as before
 I did inculcate; then *Rusticity*,
 To Gods and Monarchs may well answer *free*.
 'Thus doth improuidence of hare-braine mates,
 Buy little wisdome at excessiue rates:
 'Tis indeed better to bee wise at last,
 Then gallop head-long till our hopes bee past.
 Though latter wisdome doe import withall
 An insufficiency in points naturall.

ACT. 2. SCEN. 6.

AMILCAR, MANTESIO, GRACCHVS.

What melancholique caitife yonder walkes?
 MAN. *Gracchus* (my Lord) the gallant *Eunuch*. AMI. So,
 What malecontented humor doth oppresse
 The image of vnspotted honesty,
 With him so frequen? I adore and loue
 The ciuill carriage that I do obserue
 In his Employment: if a Courtier hath
 (Courtiers of common out-side-filkes) if they
 Haue deere acquaintance with dame *Honesty*
 (Famish'd in exile to the frozen pole)
Gracchus I dare avow may parallell
 The best of their acquaintance: (*Gracchus*) hoe?

G

GRA.

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

GRA. My gracious Lord? **AMT.** What perill imminent,
 Doth so oppose thy noble splendor? which
 (without meere base descention to col-logue)
 I must informe thee is refulgent. **GRA.** O,
 My good and gracious Lord; but pouerty,
 Is able to oppresse maturity
 Of diligence, of iudgement, of designes.
 Each liberall Art and Science doth submit
 Their ends and occupations to obtaine
 The true terrestriall Saint, the sacred glosse,
 Of all-effecting riches; every man
 Will hazard his damnation to adore
 A thing so blessed, so licentious:
 The weake-brain'd gallant in extremity,
 Will change Religion, will æquiuocate
 With mentall reseruation, racke the ioynts
 Of his benumbed conscience, will provoke
 A lethargy of sharpe distinction: will out-puffe
 The Cardinall foure winds, when they oppose
 Each other all at once (and procreate
 A whirle-winde) these will hee out-puffe alone,
 With some insuffe'able oath, which farre exceeds
 The three dimensions, dares ploclaime himselfe
 A periu'r'd villaine, to appropriate
 Six-pence, vpon triuiall mistake.
 Arts-maisters will transgresse the rule of Art;
 Nay our precisest schoole-men will forsake
 The principles which they haue authoris'd,
 In cases that concerne selfe-avarice,
 And greedy lucre: knowledge is inforc'd
 To follow by constraint, abuse of time,
 Wit mis-employ'd gapes at improper ends:
 Strong men are impotent without rich friends.
AMT. What cloudy passion, wrapt in ample phrase
 May such a railing vehemence portend?
 What meanes thy sharpe inuectiue? what's involu'd?
MAN. Hee doth (my Lord) inweigh at pouerty,

And

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

And shewes how force-able a Saint *Wealth* is,
How potent the command of money is,
The dreadfull awe of dame *Pecunia*.

GRA. And whilst I do re-volve the misery
Which happens by constraint of beggery,
Then I remember what my plague must bee.

AMIL. Vn-shell thy riddle: most miraculous!

GRA. Your gaming foole is most ridiculous:

O *Fortune*, *Fortune* hath infring'd the web
Which I with painfull diligence did weave,
Whereto the pillar of my state was pinn'd:
Some little store I had (not looking higher)

A household smoake out-warmes my neighbours fire.

AMIL. Haue you lost all? GR. Some fifty hundred crownes.

AMIL. O the vncertaine lot of idle game!

I long haue knowne thee. GR. And haue known me honest.

AMIL. *Honest* is now a metamorphis'd name:

He that can sweare, blaspheme, be riotous,
Roare till the mid-night eccho, or beginne
Some vn-appeased fray, who dares commence

A drunken skirmish in a bawdy-house,
Fight for his hackney whore, and hazard all,
In honour of his damn'd associates:

Dares combate with a publicke officer,
Be (out of gun-shot) most irregular,
Drunke in good earnest, beate five Constables,
Couzen a flocke of geese compendiously:

Yet after all put a smooth visage on,
Seeme sober, be indulgent of his fame,
Though a most practis'd knaue, remembering still,
To make the mid-nights all participate
Of such enormous acts: ô hees the man
Reputed sociable in our age: ô hee

Is reckon'd for the honest gentleman:

Who playes the spend-thrift, the voluptuous foole,
Exceeds the *Turke* in sensuality,

Is a true mid-night Epicure, can hide

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

His leud impostures from discovery,
 Hee shall be most vn-touch'd with obloquy ;
 Hee (amongst youthful bloods) shall win the wreath
 Purchase the name of *Loyall honest friend*;
 But (as our adage sayes) obserue his end.
 But (*Gracchus*) I am rather confident
 Then scrupulous of thy square honesty,
Gracchus, I loue thee, therefore will bestow
 An annuall pension of sixe hundred pounds,
 And must withall imploy thee. **GRA** In a taske
 That may require my soule then I beseech thee ;
 May stretch sincerity with tenters : ô
 Impose an ample burthen : ô some taske
 That will suruey the depth of loue indeed :
 Favour beyond mans merit, doth exact
 A most vn-quenched seruor ; not his vow,
 But sinewes actiue, and a sweating brow.
 My life lyes prostrate to prædeminance,
 Of your commanding voyce : I will bestow
 My reeking blood in recompence of loue
 Ready, without all first or second cause :
 I wish some Doctor in extremity
 Of vn-knowne sicknesse, which may seize vpon
 Your most respectiue honour ; would prescribe
 The marrow of a man, medicinall ;
 You should not be indebted to the bones
 Of a forsaken caitife, new condemn'd,
 Whose pocky pith might be infectiue : No,
 My supple fingers should vnloose a ioynt
 From off this flexile carkasse, I would bruise
 A luculent and lushious mari-bone,
 (The best I can stile *proper*) to appease
 The sharpe diuulsions of such new disease.
AM I. *Gracchus*, who giues not credence to a zeale
 Of thy profession, wee account him base :
 Be chiefe among my chiefest followers,
 They shall receiue directions from thy selfe.

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Withdraw, and punish those enormities
Which my famelicke roose is tainted with;
And which abusive ages do afford:
A zeale sincere the Gods cannot reprove
And we ere-long will manifest our loue:
Let vs inculcate now my fathers charge,
Remember what with vehemence was vrgd,
Nay was enioyned you *Mantesio*,
By our most watchfull father. MAN. I expect
Vpon deliery of his closet keyes.

AMIL. Take them, and prosper; pray be vigilant;
Reuolue I pray on how large consequence,
The bare euent and sequell of our hopes
Ioyntly consist; who iointly haue embark'd
The doubtfull hazard of our deereſt liues
Vpon a ſmall miſcarriage: onely ſiue
Participate of our deſignes; my ſelfe,
But firſt my father, then my ſtep-dame next
You (Steward) and the Captaine of the Guard
Whoſe happy full conſent is ſcarce obtain'd:
Wee ſeuerally haue inſtructions learn't
Of each particular function; haue agreed
How each conſpirator ſhall be employed.
Time calls for ſpeedy action; the ſquare plot
Doth now tranſcend a ſhapeleſſe *Embrio*
And will expect vpon deliery:
You haue engag'd a wiſe dexterity,
And trauaile; to procure the ſamifhment,
To puruey, to collect æſtiuall corne
Which Harueſt will enrich the Ruſticks with:
My taſke intends ſurpriſall of the Queene:
Be carefull, take the keyes, expend the wealth
Which long hath bene vp-hoorded: traitors all
Like cunning Statuaries, muſt auoide
Blemiſh and eye-ſores; you conceiue me fir:
Succeſſiue buſineſſe needs no roweld ſpur:
Treaſon like ſome inſculpture ſpacious

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

On a smooth touch-stone will demand men wise
 A diligent perusall, most precise;
 With an elaborate artificer
 Who may direct; for 'tis infallible
 That errors in a beauteous frame (though small
 And at another time though veniall)
 Yet if committed in a curious peece
 Where blemish might (by sufferance) ensue
 The totall is condemn'd and caru'd a new:
 Be white, or blacke; not (party-colour'd) gray;
 So follow your commission, poast away.
 Now my contentious braine re-uolue the taxe
 Impof'd (vpon thy blessing) to surpris,
 And spoyle the ruddy blossome of our age;
 Faire *Fauourina* that Angel-like dame
 AEquall for beauty, for vnmatched fame;
 With Saint-like *Venus* (by *Appelles* drawne)
 This Queenes espousals haue I vnderooke
 To dis-vniite, by a most impious act
 Of murther; but alas I am enthral'd
 With true libidinous feruor; am enforc'd
 By lustfull hot inuasions to decline;
 Which punctually tempt me to a-uoide
 The colourable death of whom I loue,
 Our sweete *Cyrcnaean* Goddesse; the faire *Queene*;
 Whose body I'll enioy with priuiledge,
 (I will enioy with hazard of my death)
 Whilst euery man imagine shee is dead.
Gracchus the Eunuch did I entertaine
 Commodiously fore-casting an exploit
 Where-with to muffle vp the serpent-eyes
 Of probable suspicion: Like the *Fuller*
 Who cannot liue by cloth must liue by colour.
 But see, obserue the beautifull approach
 Of my commanding obiect: blesse mee fate.

ACT.

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Act. 2. Scœn. 7. .

AMICAR, FAVOINA, ANCILLÆ.

FAV. What makes *Amilcar* so obsequious?
 Damsels depart. AMIL. Yes, rather, so, then maids.
 FAV. *Amilcar*. AMI. Madam. FA. Thy graue countenance
 Trust'd vp in such a formall cognisance,
 With front compos'd; so perpendicular
 Directing steady aime at open gaze,
 Your longing silence doth detect; as if
 The businesse should concerne my audience:
 In-faith, in-faith, you are dis-consolate.
 AMI. Yes, but my meaning is emaculate
 Like the forgotten primitiue attempts,
 When all things were accounted innocence.
 O might the wrath-full arrogance of some
 (Who by a peeuish-tutor'd vehemence,
 Conspire in habite of corriuallship
 Against one pious beauty) be so farre
 From preiudiciall meaning as my selfe
 The age and Kingdome both might liue secure:
 Madam, I can discose a prodigee
 That appertaines to you. FV. Deliuer it.
 AMI. Haue you then female fortitude enough,
 A most resolued courage, to conceiue,
 To apprehend a passion that will wound
 Nay penetrate, the fabricke of the *soule*?
 Shoote through the center of thy trembling bloud?
 Infuse siue shaking palsies mutuall
 Before I finish the first perioð?
 FA. Giue then a quicke release; I am resolu'd:
 Torment mee not with idle circumstance,
 Begin this tale of prodigy. AMI. Heark hea'uns;
 How carelesse shee accounts of accident,
 Griefe, and this woman be familiar

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

I thinke, and well acquainted. FAV. VVhen begins.
 The prodigie you spake of? AMIL. 'Twill amaze
 The organs of attention Madam: yet
 Seeing you enforce and couet misery,
 You shall no longer be with-held: then thus:
 But I beseech thee Queene remember well
 These admonitions that exemplefy
 The horror of my following discourse.
 Imagine whilst you doe ingurgitate
 My poyson'd soppes the beauty of your sence
 Of your ingenious parts (all donatiues
 Of *Natures* bounty, and the Gods aboue)
 Imagine they'le be chang'd with violence
 VVith vnresisted lunacy; so long,
 Vntill each spirit leaue her function:
 Till with a surfet you sur-sease to liue
 Neglecting mundane solace; be trans-form'd
 Into a liuelesse image, all thy veines
 And vitall arteries being stop'd with feare:
 Thus much remember Queene I do præ-mise.
 FA. Amplifications yet? begin, begin:
 AMIL. VVith all remember, you (right noble Queene)
 VVho may attend my tale, are but a woman.
 FA. And whether will your prolixè Lord-ship amble?
 To the worlds end I thinke in preamble:
 That (after all) you may anew begin.
 AMIL. No (my compendious Lady) heere's an end:
 Obstinate silence is the safest whip
 To punish a peruerse disciple with.
 FA. Are you enraged iolly sir i' faith?
 O be appeas'd, leaue ambiguities;
 Finish thy tale (man.) AMIL. VVorthy Madam no,
 Your supple phrase shall not againe recouer
 One vowell of narration. FAV. O abrupt!
 Yes (my blunt youth) if torment may vnbind
 Your costlie silence, know, I will recouer
 The whole narration; if deuulsive rackes

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Haue not forsooke the Kingdome; if the King
Will hearken to my spacious complaint;
Or yeeld with exoration of his Queene.

AM I. Your spacious? ô then Arithmeticke
Hath taught you to augment and multiply:
(Deere Madam) speake within the bounds of truth.
FA. (Cheape Lord) thy impudence shall smart for this.

AM I. O bitter! FA. Thy dumbe silence be inforc'd
To witnesse, nay reiterate the depth
Of your concealment. AM I. O pernicious.

FA. You shall rehearse, nay shall expound, this rale
Of prodigies. AM I. Without your wide complaint
Without all torment to enforce the same
I will expound them straight; and therefore thus:
Ladies by birth of late are satisfied

With natures gifts, nor seeke they to resist
Impediments of age, or stinking breaths,
But well are guided by the heauens decree
Respecting beauty lesse then the command,
Of Gods aboue; be not these prodigies?
They honour husbands, hallow chastity
Reiect all midnight offers, liue within:
Abhorre the name of lustfull visitants,
Take little relish in a home-bred foole;
And lesse delight in Physicke, or the knaues
Who practise that purloyning office well.
Be not these prodigies deere Madame? speake;
When Ladies do bestow their idle time
In scrutination of deuinity

Not seeking to beguile the abused Art
Of painting; or to wish fine *Iubiles*
Might be allotted to their tumbling tricks
And coltish vntam'd pleasure; which they vse
To practise without intermission: speake:
Be not these prodigies deere Madame? speake
When Ladies, and light-women be estrang'd
From Para-kitos, Munkies, island-curres

but he is not with most nobles & of his

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Coaches, and Coach-mares, masking nouelties;
 From waspish emulation, to exceed
 Some eleuated Madame in her gowne;
 Some luy-bush attire; to engrosse
 The knowledge of a *facus, dentifrice,*
Verguetum, plaister (for in-faith sometimes
 Diuerse scab'd sheepe do perish for defect
 Of these restoratiues) ô then resolute
 When Madames do estrange their facultie
 From inquisition, from delight in these;
 Will not the mouldred ashes that haue slept
 So many thousand yeares, againe reuiue?
 Will not the crazy ioints of earth dissolue?
 And rotten fathers be resuscitate?
 The finall extirpation of each dame
 Both light and sober may this tale portend
 Be not these prodigies deere Madame? speake.
 FA. Wisdome doth vrge me to entreate him faire
 Least hee indeed dissemble, or conceale
 Businesse of high importance, that may touch
 My most perticular aduantage: (sir
 So-well-accomplish'd, meritorious *Conne*)
 I must importune your dexterity,
 To re-collect the now-forgotten tale
 Of prodigies indeed; withall confesse
 My pceuiſh error. AMR. This doth mollify,
 Nor may redemption of abuse, though late;
 Although abruptly offer'd, derogate
 From the large sequele; either thy beleefe
 Or my vnfeigned meaning (noble Queene)
 But Madam you shall seriously admit
 A most impugned caution, ere I speake;
 And shall obserue the same inuiolate,
 Without base mentall reseruatiue.
 FA. Wee will engage our female Maieſty
 Thy strictest of iniunctions to prefer
 Aboue all temporary baits, which may

Allure

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Allure smooth falshood to infringe the same:

Swear by this image of *Paladium*,

(Reckon'd amongst our Sacramentall oathes)

Neither by subtle tokens nor by voyce

By second causes, by secure complaint,

Vpon malicious, or well meaning termes,

To manifest, diuulge, communicate,

Nor any way disclose the future plot

Whereof you shall anon participate

By proesse of relation. FA. I do sweare

And will submit my life to thy aduise.

AMIL. With priuiledge, then Madam, Ile expresse

The wicked meaning of your enemies:

Lucilla my proud step-dame, doth abhorre,

Sole repetition of thy harmlesse name:

Shee doth repose her chiefest confidence

In my audacious act, who am oblig'd

Vpon surprize to kill thee. FA. Subtle whore!

So yong, and yet so full of impudence?

So full of indignation, causelesse wrath?

Enny how feeble are thy foming iawes?

With vndefined rancor they attempt,

But seldome are obnoxious to any,

Who haue acquaintance with integrity;

For *enny* (vpon spight) assailes the henge

Of our successe: but *wrong* enflames reuenge:

And therefore did high *Ioues* omnipotence,

Enny; vnto the female sex impart:

Woman's a witch by Malice, man by Art.

How, how (*Amilcar*) may wee recompence

The new disease of her indignity

Which would entice, and so corrupt thy youth

By fraudulent commotions. AMI. Ile instruct

How opportunely, Madam, you may meete

With her abusive malice; and exempt

Your selfe from the suspicion of reuenge.

And yet reuenge will be conspicuous:

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

For all complaints and publicke remedy
 The primitiue iniunction doth deny;
 You therefore shall admit my new deuise,
 When Summer makes each field, each meadow faire;
 When pleasant spring-tide musicke is in tune,
 You may retire into this thicker-groue
 Loosely attended, with one maid, no more:
 VVhilst, like a common souldier in disguise
 I suddenly rush forth, and do surprise
 You not misdoubring, whom I will conuey
 Into my lodging neere the City wals
 After all inquisition cease: till then,
 Wee may re-past in some poore Country Towne.

FA. The manner I allow; speake for euent.

A M I. (All men amaz'd with such a sudden chance)

I will subborne a simple ideot
 (Being first oblig'd by bounty) to confesse
 That hee through wicked instigation
 Of my most infamous step-dame, did attempt,
 Nay finish the supposed murder; then
 That meere compunction did enforce the tale;
 To mitigate, his wound of conscience.

FA. So hee may hazard life being innocent.

A M I. No, hee may craftily insert a boone
 VVhich will auoide the danger of his life.

Hee shall beseech his death may be deser'd
 Till my vnlawfull mother by the Law
 Taft execution, or hee will professe
 Obstinate silence; so conceale the place
 Of your pretended buriall; the King
 Nor any man aliuie may this deny;
 But I'll instruct him when hee doth espy
 Occasion; this to manifest aloud

*The Queene doth lue, though I were tempted oft
 By that malicious woman, now depriv'd
 Of naturall bad parts, by righteous death,
 Meaning my mother who shall then be dead)*

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

To slay whom I preserv'd, this hopefull Queene.

F A. The plot prouokes me to esteeme reuenge
About all earthly blessing; and embrace
The subtle vertue of a painted face.

A M I. Subtle indeed, for my pretence implyes
Nothing but foggy mist to blind her eyes;
VVhen faire temptaion's weake; surprisall must
Giue satisfaction to my flaming lust.

Finis Actus secundi.

Act. 3. Scæn. I.

PHEVDIPPE, LAELIO DVX MILITVM,
MILITES.

L AE. Most opportunely did you præ-acquaint
My place with a designe so requisite.

P HE. Captaine, you haue well easd my anxious feare
But bounty shall remunerate thy care:

The title *Vize-roy* (Captaine) doth attend
To counteruaile thy meritorious act:
The famine doth already tyrannize.

L AE. VVhat policy procures the famishment?

P HE. All insurrection do I disappoint,
Subdue resistance, mollify the fierce
And peeuish ouer-looking multitude
By a subtraction of their vsuall foode
VVhich will discourage appetite to warre:
But vnexpected liberality,

And satisfac-tion of their empty mawes
VVith rich abundance after penury,
It will enchain the base to loyalty.

L AE. A proiect most ir-reprehensible.

P HE. The chiefeest on-set doth belong to you:
Doe you conceiue a full aduertisement

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

For each proceeding? punctually relate

How your conceite doth apprehend mee fir.

L AE. To supper you'le inuite the honest King ---

P HE. Honest? L AE. I; simple, indiscreet, bloud-raw,

Of small experience to beguile, suspect,

Frowne, laugh, kill, flatter with a tyrant's face;

A King too-open-breasted for this age;

And so the world doth honest men account

By way of high reproach. P HE. Smooth Orator,

Ingeniously well worded is thy speech:

May not the sequelle perish, now proceed.

L AE. To supper you'le inuite this honest King;

Hee (not mis-doubting home-bred violence)

With a select strong military troupe

I, and the Guard together, will inuade

Murther (a-midst the cups and Magistrates)

Him; who shall surfet of each fatall wound;

Shall rather dye then see *Phendippe* crown'd.

P HE. Captaine, thy apprehension is acute

Thus bounty will oblige men resolute:

With-draw, your severall reward is future;

Apregnant Pupill thrives without his Tutor.

Act. 3. Scœn. 2.

MENANDER, PHEVDIPPE, HYARCHVS,

HIPONAX, EVPHORBVS.

HY. The popular inuectiue doth exclaime

Vpon *Phendippe*; sweare with open voyce

Hee bred this famine. P HE. Am I then betraid?

Will my sage Steward turne delinquent? ha?

MEN. Can my *Phendippe* proue disloyall? no,

Doth hee intend subuersion of my state?

EV. Wee may consult of war-like discipline

Amidst our heighth of solace; (though secure)

Although at league with euerie Potentate

Who

In warre - good in wind and words
 of James

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Who sits enthron'd vpon the spacious Orbe.
 So may wee well aduise your Maiesty
 To haue a watchfull ouer-looking spy
 Vpon your haughty Duke; (though innocent;
 Though in himsefe obsequiously bent)
 Learning aduanc'd may proue iudicious;
 But (if mis-ledde) extremely vitious.

ME. Tell mee my proper Genius may proue false,
 My bloud become a traitor to my life;
 The issue of my loines degenerate;
 Say; this right hand conspires against my head;
 Tell mee; the Gods whom I adore, neglect
 Religion, doe forbid all sacrifice;
 And I beleeuue you: but the villaines lye,
 Who dare imagine my *Phendippe* false.
 In-faith I am affraid you do abuse
 My honest friends integrity, too much;
Phendippe false? my bosome-counsellour?
 The earth will shake at such a prodigy:
 Some *Phaëton* shall mount the Chariot
 Of our vp-rising *Phœbus*, and enflame
 The world againe; each widdow shall conceiue
 Without mans aide fiue dragons at a birth,
 Allthreatning this impossible euent,
 Ere I do entertaine a fillable
 Of your sug-gestion: though the Gods descend
 Though they admonish my credulity
 (In speciall) to beware of whom wee speake
 And call him traitor; ô I should reply
 Within the bounds (I feare) of blasphemy.
 See how hee walks perplex'd with agony;
 My anger shall im-proue his patience.
Phendippe. PHE. Doth my dread Soueraigne call?
 MEN. What doth my demi-seffe *Phendippe* doe?
 PHE. Beshrew my melancholique dumps I doe;
 Which preter-mit *Menanders* Maiesty
 Without obeysance; whilst I walke secure

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

In a blind corner thus *extravagant*.

ME. His aromaticke breath perfumes the aire:

The spicy fields where gossa-moure doth grow

Haue not one vapour halfe so redolent:

I must for fashion chide him fatherly.

Friend, friend, you are ambitious of rule,

Report exclaimes vpon your dignity;

All attribute the times calamity

Of dearth, to you the Authour; who ingrosse

Heapes of prouision without reall cause;

I must not winke at fraudulent abuse

Done to my Subiects; rather abuse mee:

Thou mightst enioy full many blessed yeares,

Liue in an æquall happinesse with mee,

Rather then thus neglect my sincere loue,

And loose the hope of our munificence:

Do not (I pray) deserue that infamy

VVith which our scandalizing age condemnes

Thy whole endeouours; ô redeeme the losse

Of *Loyalty*; a thing so pretious.

Reiect those machinations infinite

VVith which the people charge thee; I conceale

The horreur of a rage so violent

As some censorious Critticks haue adiug'd

To dwell within thy bosome: prethee thinke

Whether I do deserue thy impious hand

To thrust me from a lineall descent

Or (being downe) deserue thy helping hand,

To rescue and vphold my primacy.

PHE. Some better Angell be auspicious

Vnto my naked answere; (mighty King)

Your deepe discretion may with ease collect;

(Though I were dumb and did through silence purge

This weighty accusation) that per-force

To publicke censure all authority

Is often subiect: so ir-regular

Be sudden apprehensions; as vpright

And

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

And politicke proceedings are condemn'd;
 The *Prudent* tam'd for ignominious
 Mad Authors, of sicke innovation;
 (Though not resolu'd how this language meanes:)
 I do in ample, and with open tearmes
 Confesse the crime suppos'd, not culpable,
 Though burthen'd with ambition) I confesse
 A dutious loue vnto the Common-weale,
 Hath bred my damage; *Over-diligence*
 May summon actiue zeale to a defence,
 Which doth appeare in my ill-tun'd event,
 As you perceiue, or call me insolent.
 The famous Art of Mathe-maticke Rules,
 (Wherein my ignorance will never boast
 A singularity of knowledge, or conceit)
 Did by infallible demonstrations
 Fore-signifie this famine: ô resoluë
 Whether then by the law of Nations
 I be accomprable vnto the Gods
 For this pretended accusation;
 Seeing to the safety of our Common-weale,
 A prouidence coniecturall hath vrg'd,
 My whole indeuour? If vnto the Gods
 I am excus'd; what impudence will dare
 With false-hood to accuse my innocence?
 For those designs which Gods allow, ne're can
 Be in themselves offensive vnto man.
 Know therefore (vpon hopefull præ-science)
 I did ingage a new dexterity,
 To counteruaile the famishment fore-knowne,
 I did ingrosse provision, did expend
 Twelue-months renew to accomplish corne:
 Ill be my paines acquitted, worse my loue;
 Which, labours in the common cause may proue.
 Thus imputations are too vsuall,
 And bad constructions are authenticall.
 Some Kings, (to manifest prædominance)

At this time we have to tell my name
 But I have not yett heard of it yett

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Accumulate on subiects, heavy wealth,
Honour about de-merit, offices,
Popular Cities, and in-franchis'd Townes;
Nay whole dominions, Dukedomes they'll bestow,
And raise a simple Mushroom to the height
Of any monarch's due magnificence;
Till by excessse of labour, sweate of braines,
Hee hath enrich'd his beggerly estate;
Then (like a full-ripe Orange; or indeed,
Like a deceitfull sponge, whose empty pores
The owner doth replenish) hee must looke
To feele a sudden crush, a nip will squeeze
Him; who pretends hee may be rich and please:
If then my Title (O iudicious King)
My now desertlesse wealth, or eminence,
Which (by especiall fauour I enioy,
Which freely were bestow'd long since); if these
Shall be accounted error and offence,
Or be imputed to my sawcinesse,
I doe submit, and will my crime confesse;
If your vn-reprehended sapience
Thinke it a pollicy expedient,
Il'e runne to exile, dye in banishment,
Liue like a scritch-owle in some secret caue,
Turne errant caitife, and so dye a slaue:
If you suppose it bee auailable
Or to diminish, or annihilate
To dis-anull, or to abbreviate
My large allowance; if you doe account
The base degrading of a loyall peere
Will giue aduantage and security
To your successiue regiment; (may which
Continue to the worlds æternity:)
If thus you doe imagine (dreaded Liege)
Loe, I will prostrate fall, and aske a boone,
Begge that the heads-mans Axe may ouer-take,
May with a bloody sentence, mee salute,

With

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

With willing voyce, and a more willing arme,
 Would I the messenger of death re-greet;
 Till then, most lowly kisse your graces feet:
 ME. Arise my faithfull honourer, arise:
 Good honest soule, thy language would enforce
 The Cannibals to turne compassionate:
 I will trans-mit thee into *Scythia*,
 To *Pontus*, to the fierce vn-tamed *Getes*,
 Till with a fluent phrase, thou doe compell
 Their savage superstition to submit,
 And mee acknowledge, as their lawfull King:
 Thus thou like *Orpheus* couldst (I'me sure) enthrall
 The rude *Arabian*, or the rugged *Gaule*,
 And captivate their longing audience
 With an æternity of eloquence.

Thus couldst thou re-inlarge my soueraigne awe,
 Thus multiply each prouince, thus augment
 The bounds of our dominion, or de-duce
 Appointed troopes of Colony; with voyce:
 But (my alone beloued) never thinke
 I will exchange thy noble company
 For temporall possession: though the Gods
 Would all resigne *Olympus*, and elect
 Mee as co-heire in-dubitate to *Ioue*,
 Vpon *Proviso* to forsake this friend,

I rather would refuse deuinity,
 Liue like a drudge in darke obscurity,
 Then leaue so loyall, so compleat a friend:
 And yet this man deserues a watchfull eye;
 Speake you censorious ranke of Magistrates,
 Doth hee deserue suspicion? who replies?
 EV PH. Reports and rumour did deserue aduise.
 ME. Who guided by report so farre doth blame
 Another, as to argue his ill-name,
 Insisting much on some particular,
 Detects himselfe, an Assc auricular.

PH EV. This vn-expected fume to pacifie

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Let your good grace vouchsafe to dignifie
 A Summer banquet, and I shall intreate
 You the Patricians to accept my loue,
 Rather then bounty; whom I will invite
 And feast with my beloued Lierge to night.
 ME With temptiue cups wee'll wash away conceit,
 And so renew each health in sober height.

Act. 3. Scœn. 3.

PHEVDIPPE.

May then my cauteris'd soule forsake
 The rules of nature? sanctimonious law?
 Religion? or distinct humanity?
 The common sparke of times morality?
 Must lethargy now seize vpon my soule?
 Shall my infectious humor so controule
 Iudgement? so much preferre fantastick ioy?
 Giue licence to dis-loyall trechery?
 Atheisme? Rebellion? blacke deformity?
 O most vn-gouern'd appetite of man!
 Wee may fore-see what few escape, e're can.
 Resolue me, Sophist. or Philosopher,
 Some cunning morall disputant resolute,
 If (as the people do maintaine) Gods liue,
 Gods, who reuenge our close iniquity,
 And search the re-cluse corners of each soule;
 Why doe the Gods forbear to punish me?
 Who am as wicked as a man may be:
 Why doth *Olympus*, or the Gods who dwell
 Within that fabrick, suffer smoaky hell,
 Horror, impostume prodigies, and death,
 Vengeance, delay; to stop a villaines breath?
 Can such a sublunary slave as I
 Out-liue two minutes longer? Thus protract
 A peace-able successe, without heauens cracke?

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Can omenous portents be now asleepe,
 Whilst I am waking? do the Angels keepe
 No watch for Kings? then *Jupiter* awake,
 And give the world some notice that you take
 Especiall care on Princes: *o* mee thinkes
Morpheus the God of sleepe, who daily winks,
 Should leaue his drunken catalogue of dreames,
 And start with repetition of extreames,
 Wnerewith I am infected; seas should burne,
 Beares, woolues, and Lyons peace-able should turne
 Into their antique affability,
 And argue men of much impiety.
 Now should thy thunder (*Ioue*) assaile the the fort
 Of my ambitious hope, by way of sport,
 Blast me with lightning, brand me full of spots;
 VWho haue intrench'd a garrison of plots
 Against my second maker, 'gainst my King,
 So credulous, so clement, so sincere,
 So flexible, and gracious to me,
 As I without him neuer had my name;
 Hee hath endeer'd my dangerous attempt,
 Is both indulgent of each true surmise,
 And zealous of each tale that may arise,
 Or to detect, or to oppugne my pride,
 My most perfidious dealing; doth deride
 All true suggestion of his Councillors,
 VWho would exasperate his amity,
 VWhilst I enchant his eares with flattery,
 VWith meere dissimulation (*Physicke Art*)
 My gilded dagger stabs him to the heart.
 Can my obstruperous passion eccho forth
 A sound so disfinall ir-religious,
 VWithout some sudden earth-quake omenous?
 VWithout a clap of thunder to be-numme
 My trembling royots, and make my language dumb?
 Then Ile inferre the massy frame of earth,
 Man vniuersall, peasant, patriarch,

and then if it be true
 that I have done
 all this

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Grocers and great men, Kings and Copper-smiths,
 Be govern'd by the Gods, no more then sheepe,
 Or Il'e depose, the Gods be all a-sleepe:
 Scruple in actions doth augment the vice,
 Which courage hath surnamed *Cowardice*.
 Soone may a states-man favour of the *Foole*,
 Who leaues his torrent for a standing-poole;
 Who doth neglect his high præ-eminence
 For safety of a quiet conscience.
 All senior Sophists, and each puiſne else
 Account him wise, who's wisest for himselfe.
 Yet for conceited disputation sake,
 A long discourse of *Honesty* Il'e make,
 Of times corruption will I saterize,
 And with each cunning nature temporize.
 Thus doth a serpent, which will satisfie
 His common thirst, and Summer heat allay,
 After hee is approach'd vnto the banke
 Of pleasant *Nilus*, without much delay,
 Instinct doth teach him to dis-gorge the bagge
 Of poyson, kept in his pernicious iaw,
 Till hee hath tasted the resulting waue;
 Then readily lickes vp the viscous gall
 Which hee by nature did e-vacuate,
 And so remaines his body temperate,
 His poyson (though suspended) virulent.
 So when wee craftie fellows (for attempt)
 By sudden motiues do remember wayes
 Which men more honest, name *Legitimate*,
 Or by conuerſe, if wee shall tempted be,
 To shew the bent of our affections, wee
 Doe like the thirsty snake, renounce our Saint,
 (Accounted sinne) which re-assume wee will;
 So re-assumption makes the Serpent still:
 If my designes incurre discovery,
 I then admit, the King is mercifull,
 And hee a milke-sop is, (wee may resolute)

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Can feare, if Kings bee ready to absolute:
 Noble attempts beget experience,
Re-publiques purchase mundane pollicy
 Through obseruation; my successe will bring
 Plenty of knowledge: errors difficult
 Daily in-gend^rationall discusse,
 Which by events doe sweepe away the sinke
 Or muddy oppilation of our sence,
 Originall of knowledge is offence:
 I therefore thus imbarqu'd for enterprife,
 May win a double stake, learne wit, and rise.

Act. 3. Scœn. 4.

LVCILLA, PHEVDIPPE, MANTESIO.

This frolicke euening, full of silent aire,
 Speakes a successe to thy archievements, faire:
 Bothtime an opportunity's, benigne;
 The Sunne at his departure, seemes to smile,
 My banquet is prepar'd, which must beguile:
 No apparitions, no refulgent starre,
 No threatning Comet can our act oppose,
 No new trans-figur'd meteor disclose
 Our most herôicke humor, and annoy
 The glad conception of all future ioy.
 PHEV. Nay, if a plot so well-contriu'd, so square,
 So formall, so iudicious, should proue
 Ill-featur'd, and abortiue, I'de forswear
 All crafty dealing; never would I moue,
 Compassion with repentance; to obtaine
 Most absolute forgiuenesse, though the King
 Do then release my criminall attempt,
 I'de not en-deere his donatiue, except
 With resolution to escape the law,
 And wreake more ample vengeance on my selfe,
 With my owne proper hands, through violence.

If

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

If a designe so mature, so conceal'd,
 So rich in expectation, so oblig'd,
 May now mis-carry, and repugnant proue;
 It's sure prevent the heads-man, hang my selfe
 VVith expedition, hire a mounte-banke,
 Some noted empr'icke, to anatomize
 My politician corpes, dissect my scull,
 Boyle tongue and heart together in my blood,
 Effuse them into broth made of my braines,
 In which, my vinctuous kidney-lease dissolu'd
 VVith my more luscious marrow, may compose
 A poultice, which will speedily contriue
 The downe-fall of erected favorites,
 Enflame desire-then disanull the ends
 VVhich that affection gapes for: I resolute
 Thus to bequeath my members, to the sect
 Of those, who narrow inquisition make
 After each mysticke vertue, physicall;
 If our attempts proue uot effectuell.
 L v. Then pra-suppose your project well do thriue,
 VVhat recompence may *Lelio* expect,
 Chiefe captaine of the guard; whose instant blow
 Giues an advantage so peculiar?
 PHE. That my officious Captaine of his guard
 The cunning wolfe hath taught me to reward.
 L v. Resolute the manner, be emphaticall.
 PH. The famish'd wolfe (whom hunger oft endues
 VVith belly courage to be valiant)
 If by aduventure his extremity
 Meets with a beast of more validity,
 Though lesse tyrannicke rapine then himseife,
 Hee (practis'd in such skill pernicious)
 Eates clay, to make his body ponderous;
 Striving by art to aequall natures strength,
 Till hee depreffe, and over-come at length.
 By which instinct, his booty once obtain'd,
 An easie vomit naturall doth purge

His

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

His lumpish maw of that despised earth;
 Which (after conquest) hee thinkes little worth:
 Ecu'n thus the Captaine Il'e re-munerate,
 And with contempt, Il'e re-capitulate
 His humble seruice; so casheere the hope
 Of due re-quitall, with a good excuse,
 We entertaine those agents but for vse.
 Heere comes my faithfull steward; speake what newes?
 MAN. The Captaine with his military troope,
 I haue appoynted to their ambush; they
 Expect vpon my signall (gracious Duke)
 The Kings vaunt-curriers doe each testifie
 His glad approach; giue care to Maiesty.

Act. 3. Scoen. 5.

PHEVDIPPE, MENANDER, LVCILLA, HIP-
 PONAX, EUPHORBVS, HYARCHVS, LE-
 LIO, MILITES, LESBIA.

The most of subiects welcome, to my Liege,
 Accept our weake indeavour, I beseech;
 Sit (gracious King) the Cates containe our loue.
 ME. Wee doe accept, and will deserue (my deere)
 This thy extended free munificence:
 This plentifull provision I may call,
 (With licence of our *Esthicks*) *Liberall*.
 PHE. No (my most mindfull, & more sapient Prince)
 I am your vassaile, drudge, obsequious,
 Not bountifull; for 'tis impossible
 That a dependant caitife. who doth owe
 His whole indeavour, and essentiall part,
 His poore existence, spirits animall,
 His function, his each power vegetall,
 To a supream efficient, should obtaine
 (After a free expence, to gratulate
 His all-respectiue patron, God, or Saint)

See above

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

One shred or tittle of *Munificent*,
Of *Bountifull*, or *Liberall*, because
Duty and loue exact such obsequies
For lawfull Kings, in stead of sacrifice.

M E. What meanes thy mad irruption *Lelio*?

P H. The ambush, the ambush; strike fellow, strike.

L AE. Strike this ignoble traytor, Cockatrice,
The subtrill vermin base *Pseudippe*, strike,
Strike fellowes, strike, as doth your Generall,
Who hath withstood temptation actuall.

H I P. If deere temptation, if inticement smile,
Happy is hee who can himselfe beguile.

M E. Amazement be my death; deere captain^e hold:

L AE. Hold from the rescue of my royall King?

No: Wee were tempted to thy causelesse death.

M E. Permit the the traytor to enioy some breath.

P H. My wounds are many, I degenerate,
Liu'd villain-like, and dye a reprobate.

L v. My husband, my deere husband is betraid,
Anothers death makes guilty men afraid.

M E. Infamous change of dignity! deere friend,

Loyall repentance might againe restore,
(Couldst thou reviuue) thy simple innocence.

Captaine, you haue abus'd our Maiesty,
And thy audacious act will wee revenge.

L AE. Revenge a traytors ignominious death?

M E. Traytor? thou lyest, admit his actiue bloud,

His nimble braine, acute sincerity,
Conceiu'd some sober meanes to ratifie,

Or to confirme opinionate beliese,
With tryall of our vn-attempted loue;

May this deserue a stab? what insolence

May tearme this loyall proiect an offence?

It's over-vexe with artificiall fire,

Thee (slave) who didst *Pseudippe's* death conspire.

L AE, May tretchery be then accounte'd zeale?

To his perswasive lines I do appeale.

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Read them, they doe containe Apostasie,
 Fowle matter of sedition: I avouch
 The guard to witnesse, I implore the Gods
 In their omnipotence, to testifie
 The zeale of my affection; to resolute
 Whether this kingdome had not suffred woe,
 Thy Maiesty beene trampled vnder foote,
 Thy sinewes crack'd, thy bones vn-buried,
Sparta beene batter'd with intestine warre,
 If through dis-loyall humor, through neglect
 Of homage, we had hearken'd to the false,
 But honey-mouth of this rebellious man.

M E. Insolent sir, suppose my friend were false,
 (Which I can scarce imagine) or suppose
 Confident faith made him erroneous:
 Will you abridge the tryall of our law?
 Prevent my absolution? I appeale
 Vnto the blessed Theater of Saints,
 Let holinesse, or let humanity,
 Your zeale, how much defectiue, testifie:
 For though the three dimensions did concur
 In his offence, yet I had mercy left.

Phendippe, simple man, thy false designs
 Ne're knew a height in mischief so extreame,
 A breadth, or depth in folly so profound,
 So villanous, but our compassion knew
 A meanes to mitigate thy error; See
 My Concubine comes fraught with sober newes;
 Beginne, resolute, and so ex-aggerate
 Our heauy losse, wee will intoxicate
 Our soule with im-bibition of more change:
 Begin, depose an accident so strange,
 As repetition of two syllables
 May strike vs with a sudden lethargy,
 And so conclude a Kings *Catastrophe*.

L E S. The queene- **M E.** There make thy period; wee know
 Mischief (like mighty waues) ne're comes alone.

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

The Queene's deliuered of a hideous sonne
Some winged Dragon; is shee so? or dead?
L E S. Privately walking in the Forrest-groue
A ruffaine seiz'd her, flue thy hopefull Queene,
Truss'd vp the carkasse on a speedy nagge,
Which by instruction (as my iudgement giues)
Flew fast away, like *Pegasus*: poore I

(Never-enough contented with a chance
Of so secure amazement) stupid wretch,
I looking stood immoue-able with feare,
Whilst hee vpon his palfrey cut the aire;
Whilst ev'ry mountaine eccho'd with laments,
The hollow rockes, and ev'ry bush repents
Their weake vn-able powers to resist

And stop the caitifes passage: ô desist
From a pursuit of such high consequence
Not a small minute longer; captaine flye,
A bold careere may stop *Ioues* destiny.

L A E. Wee'le flye with expedition; follow friends.

M E. Discharge a bullet in my naked breast;
Be charitable some auspicious arme.

H Y A R. My daughter, ô my daughter, shee is dead.

M E. Faire *Favorina's* dead, thy loue, my Queene,
My deere *Phenippe's* dead, our ioyes bee gone

E V P. Mirror of change! the plagues of *Cynthia*
Are manifest, revenge is palpable,

O that assembly (sir) who by command
Of your in-iunction did restrain the vow
Which masculines a-like with females owe
To *Cynthia*, great Goddesse of the aire,

Was without question all-erronious.

H I P. Your edict which pronounc'd her deity,
Sole-potent ouer fœminine degrees,
Which did confine her awe cœlestiall:

To that vnable sexe, seemes triviall;
These accidents do cancell your designe,
They dis-allow your obstinate decree,

They

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

They doe advance forgotten Maieſty :

O new reforme deluſion : terror ſpeakes,

Cinthia is Goddeſſe over humane ſexe.

M E. *Cinthia's* a female wether-cocke, a whore,

Doth ſhee afflict our happineſſe? reſolue

Speake (friends) deliuer what you thinke. **H I P.** Abſtaine

(Diſtreſſed King) from blaſphemy; beware

Iudgements more ſtrict may follow; theſe but ſcare.

M E. O could I compaſſe with a ſudden leap,

The verge of bigge *Olympus*, or aſſault

With Swallows-wings, the orbe of *Cinthia*!

O my revenge, my ſweet reuenge, more bold

Then bloody-iaw'd *Bucyris*, then the Beare

Which ſlue dame *Venus*-ioy, ſhould wrathfull vexe

Her oppoſite excelsè deumity.

With rage would I blaſpheame, though angry *Ioue*

Makes ready thunder to præcipitate

My daring voyce : I will ingeminate

With deepe deriſion, her diſtaſtfull name,

Enforcing others to abuſe the ſame.

Dooſt thou not heare mee *Cinthia*? diſſolue

The melancholly clouds which maſke thy brow,

And let compunction mollifie thee (witch)

Forth from thy cloudy palſace (*Luna*) peepe

And with inceſſant ſoft contrition, weepe :

Reduce the antique deluge with thy teares,

Turne thy reioycing into pale-fac'd feares.

Cinthia, remember my abuſe, and bluſh,

Bluſh thou immodèſt harlot, be aſham'd

To looke vpon the ſhadow'd vniverſe.

Catch mee ſome whirle-wind with a ſweeping blaſt,

And carry mee aloſt, Il'e vexè the Moone

For ſhee (vngratious Goddeſſe) doth afflict

Us, and our dignity : ſhee did ſuggeſt

R:bell-temptations to my beauteous friend,

Whoſe innocence I euer ſhall commend.

H I P. Manifeſt prooſe (*Manander*) doth detect

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

His viperous-reproachfull perfidy,
 Compos'd of pregnant infidelity:
 To mischief his endeaour's daily bent,
 I ever thought hee was male-volent :
 Of crimes detected (blame vs if thou wilt)
 Despairing apprehensions, argue guilt :
 Hee did alike despaire : which proceeds
 From the confusion of abortiue deeds :
 I do enforce, that *Cynthia* hath done well,
 - Shee giues good warning to prevent a hell :
 These weaker med'cines do but search the wound,
 Least rotten members perish; to confound
 An vlcerous limbe's worse then scarific;
 But rather then loose all : what remedy?
 To *Cynthia's*, revenge ô this apply :
 M^r. Touching her name Il'e proue a renegate,
 My sudden scourge what soule can tolerate?

Act. 3. Scœn. 6.

CINTHIA.

Error of man which over-tops the sky,
 And with quicke wastage doth for vengeance fly;
 Cal's downe Gods iudgement (mischief to amend)
 Nay, often doth enforce the Gods descend :
Horror, more vgly then the iawes of hell,
Horror, that apprehension doth excell,
 Startles my God-head to imagine how
 I further may avenge the *Spartans* vow :
 Shall wee (great empresse of Imperious night,
 Heavens wonder, and wide *Corinths* blessed Saint)
 Thus be, ô thus compell'd, presumptuous King,
 To spit our vn-appeal'd flames in thy face?
 O the sharpe edge of bitter blasphemy!
 How deepe incision doth attend on it?
 Flesh cannot brooke one triviall abuse,

And

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

And shall the Gods (being iniured) take truce?
 No; Il'e inflict a terror to offence,
 And will (without compassion) scourge thy sence:
 For like some snow-ball toss'd vpon hot coles,
 Thy wit shall vanish, and thy sence consume:
 A madnesse must ensue, but mad alike,
 Neuer was any; those that see shall shake
 And tremble at our vengeance; but because
 Thy vn-aduised rashnesse railes vpon
 Our monthly change, vp-braiding holinesse,
 With a false friends mis-carriage, Il'e impose
 A change vn-parralel'd, which ner'e shall cease,
 Till thy distracted body sleepe in peace:
 The most magnificent may learne of thee,
 Kings from a dreadfull vengeance are not free:
 Kings may like petty-gods, insult below,
 But of a deepe-deepe reckoning they must know:
 Fame, freedome, fates, and all that may conspire
 To make man happy, shall not make thee man:
 For Fates doe rescue neither life nor fame,
 If Gods high iustice do intrall the same:
 Nor may the strict evasion of mis-hap,
 Hurt who secured lye in Vertues lap.
 But if destruction be about decreed,
 Meanes stop in iustice, few by meanes are freed.
 Fall then the horror of blaspheming feares,
 Not wip'd away with pœnitentiall teares;
 Till by his death my vengeance be appeas'd,
 And wrathfull famine absolutely pleas'd.

Act. 3. Scœn. 7.

AMILCAR, GRACCHVS.

What you already with good cause condemne,
 I must (though need not) vrge thee to contemne
 With all extremity of noble hate;

Vice

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Vice which emboldens man to be ingrate.
 To proue vntthankfull if occasion speakes,
 The ioyfull head of free-borne bounty breakes :
 G R. Do but imploy your bond-slaue (mighty Lord)
 If Kings command not, how can slaues accord?
 The blessings of my body, breath and soule,
 Be so ingag'd, as their existence knowes
 Not one redeemer amongst all the Gods,
 (Fabulous things to mee) except your selfe :
 You haue replenish'd my poore empty veines,
 Haue lent new spirits to despairing hope
 Nay haue bestow'd a whole creations worke
 Vpon me offall-caitife, who adore
 Impression of your foot-steps, that is all:
 Expecting houely on the happy time
 When you shall dare command what I dare do :
 When with advantage you will but pronounce
 Q *Gracchus*, giue mee of thy bloud an ounce :
 An ounce? take fifty pottles Id'e reply,
 Open your selfe a passage to my soule,
 To take a lawfull debt who dares controule?
 Nor do impute this loue to lacke of wit,
 Or some dis-ioynted weakenesse of the braine,
 For if I argue as the thing demands,
 Vnlesse my life, what with your honour stands ?
 Let mee professe, vnto the Saints and you
 I do desire imployment, will bee proud
 Of death or life, being by your selfe allow'd.
 A M I. Life wee allow, but never wish thy death,
 For wee expect vpon true diligence,
 And must improve the nature of thy zeale ;
Eunuchs, forbidden actions do conceale ;
 Thou art an *Eunuch*, listen to my shame,
 Then giue aduise, and secrecie, though blame :
 I loue ; no, rather lust and loue the Queene,
 Whom (all-supposing dead) by stratagem
 And strong delusion of her silly sence,

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

I did surprize, being blinded with pretence;
Nor did shee seeme repugnant to such ruth
My Rhetoricke was clad in robes of truth:
Affirming shee might thus reuenge the spleene,
Of proud *Lucilla* (who malign's her state)
Giuing no colour of reuengefull hate;
As to subborne a subtle wretch I vow'd
Who with abundant knowledge being endow'd
Most caitife-like should counterfeit, no lesse,
(For penitent compunction) heauinesse;
And so diuulge hee slew the Noble Queene,
There-to induc'd by poore *Lucilla's* spleene:
Then should *Lucilla* liue no longer day
But loose each vitall benefite for aye:
Thus did the hope of vaine reuenge entice
Woman to proue more valiant then wise:
Whom I (as captiue) do retaine, till shee
Shall manu-mit my selfe, (her bond-flaue) free:
G R A. Heere in the Village doth your Goddesse liue?
A M I. Heere; and thy selfe though sprung of humane seed
As Taylor to my Goddesse I areed.
Faithfully wise wee doe account thy loue;
And managing of this designe will proue
Thy elegant enforcements, touching mee,
Which (happily per-chaunce) may set both free.
O now my bloud and reason be at warre
With apparition of this fatall starre:
Fatall to mee, because enchanted beames
Shoote from her eye-lids into loue-sicke streames:
See where shee comes with excellence enough
For fifty thousand of the female sexe,
Beauties which blesse the owner, neighbours vex.

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Act. 3. Scœn. 8.

FAVOVRINA, GRACCHVS, AMILCAR.

Are you my Lords attendant? GRA. (Madam) no,
But a poore bond-slaue, who can easily owe
The hazard of a soule in sacrifice
To his good Honours health, and pay the debt
Without compulsion, or a double threate.

AMI. Madame hee is the blessing of my fate
Borne to my fortunes, and my whole estate.

FA. So: then resolute what newes. AM. All feare is fled:
The worst of womans feare, *Lucilla's* dead:

FA. Most welcome tidings! speake, I pray, and stufte
Your happy speech with circumstance enough.

AMI. *Tyrant* would vp from darkenesse by the day
Shrunke with amazement of the fatall morne,
(Remembring what a mischief should befall)
For cloudy night-caps hee againe did call,
When my suborned vassaile gaue consent
To swimme (for satisfaction of our sake)
Through deepe damnations gulfe, so, through the lake
Of vn-digested horror, to accuse
My step-dame, yong *Lucilla*, of your death:
Hee, a dissembling caitife, deeply read
In ir religious acts; with doubtfull face
More doubted voyce, and miserable grone
Salutes the foote-step of *Maxanders* throne;
Then weeping, said, *the Worme of Conscience*
Striues in my bloud; tortures my broken soule;
Haunted I am with terror whilst I liue
Who to my life a period will giue?
A finall period: for I liue too long
Let villaines fortune be my fatall song,
With which the sorry King was some-what mou'd,
And (after silence) did exact his name

Proceeding

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Proceeding to the circumstantiall cause;
 My rude impostor did prevent the clause,
 And seeming to afflict his pensive heart,
 Backe from the royall foote-steps doth hee start:
 Helpe, ô defend mee from her hatefull frownes,
 See where *Medusa-like* shee comes, (hee cried)
 Clad all in torch-light like the Queene of hell
 Her *scalpe's* en-circled with a Crowne of flames:
 Much leane-iaw'd horror hangs about her eyes;
 The gaping wound for greedy vengeance cries.
 What madnesse now affrights thee, quoth our knig?
 Faire *Faunourina's* shadow hee replies,
 For through entisements of *Lucilla's* spleene
 I slew the gallant Bride, and *Sparta's* Queene:
Lucilla, by consent, was doom'd to death
 And my Impostor also, whom I taught
 For lifes owne safe-guard to beseech the King,
 That his vprighteous iudgement of grim death
 Might faile of execution, iust so long
 As the condemn'd *Lucilla* did suruiue
 Thinking by this, then to discouer all
 And say hee did preferue whom shee conspir'd to kil.
 The King, enrag'd with sorrow, did re-pell
 This poore petition of my totur'd slaue:
 Who then despairing to escape from death
 Drew forth a dagger, gaue one fatall stab
 Into the Kings owne bosome, with which wound
 Hee like a lofty Turret, nodding low,
 Clapt his victorious palmes about his head,
 And swore a mighty oath, **MENANDER'S DEAD.**
 FA. *Menander* dead? My King and Husband dead?
 AMI. My slaue torne peece-meale did enioy his fate,
Lucilla burnt before the Pallace gate.
 FA. *Menander* dead? AMI. Yes, but *Phendippe's* King.
 FA. *Phendippe* King? AM. Yes; but **MENANDER'S DEAD.**
 FA. Opprest with sorrow, I lament his death:
 But am appeas'd by proud *Lucilla's* breath.

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

GRA: What is a womans loue? when to reuenge
And empty out the poyson of her gall
Against some Lady her malignant foe
Shee doth forget compassion, doth refuse
Friendship to neighbours, duty to her Spouse,
Respect of parents, piety to bloud:
Nay, aboue these; abhor celestiall good.

AMI. Now quickly (Madam) to disclose *you line*
Were dangerous, and preiudiciall I doubt:
Therefore expect on opportunity;
Least you infringe the league of vnity;
Till I aduise, liue (as you doe) secure:
Safety's no lesse accepted of obscure
And Country Pezants, then of Courtred Kings:
Place cannot change the nature of good things.

Finis Actus tertij.

Act. 4. Scæn. I.

MENANDER, LAELIO, MILITES.

THe Mountaine ecchoes they shall catch his name
And euery nooke re-iterate the same;
For I will teach the night-rauen to repeat
His pensive sound, the sleepy owle shall sing
And happy newes of lost *Phendippe* bring:
Awake dumbe Ghost, *Phendippe*, friend awake
And now repaire thy old mansion-place;
Returne *Phendippe*: but a while returne
And truly answer to my iust demand
I will resigne a Kingdome to thy hand.
Hearke you mad furies of eternall night:
Boatf-man of *Strix*, by burning *Phl-geton*
Secluded Angels, and superiour aide
I doe con-iure you to direct his soule

Backe

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Backe to the bosome of that slaughtered Hearse

Ah *Charon Charon*, prethee Boats-man bring

His errant shadow to the place of rest,

And *Charon* I will Canonize thy name

Giue thee a Queene to sleepe in thy cold armes,

To kindle moisture in thy rugged limbes

And make thy wastage easy with her hymnes:

Bring but the soule of that ignoble man

To aske forgiuensse, and I will forgiue.

A foolish hope! (heau'n knowes) for hee indeed

Hee hath a haughty stomach full of rage

Swolne-big with pride, begot of too much loue,

And my familiar vsage makes him thinke

(The more fault's mine) hee should not now submit.

L AE. O fir the finall stab of mischiefes end

Hath strucke him dead; hee cannot now amend.

ME. No! 'tis a language difficult to learne

Though rules be frequent in our mother-tongue.

O that a lesson of one word; not two,

Should aske a life to learne, an age to do?

Yes; though *Phendippes* age had beene deser'd

Till a consumption of the Vniuerse

In hope of his amendment, I belecue

Hee would haue purchas'd immortality

Through vice and vicious acts. L AE. Damnation claps,

Gaping for custome at mans new relaps.

ME. Right: Can the earthyeeld such a faithles man

As false *Phendippe*? L AE. O damnation laughs

And winged mischeife claps her dusky plumes,

▪ If proud ambition great mens hope consumes.

ME. What a continuall clapping is there then?

For daily hope consumes the greatest men:

I doe appeale to dead *Phendippes* shame

Thou terrour to my sence, a prodigy

Of all remembrance neuer to be match'd

With any Ghost or man except thy selfe:

Who through abortiue hope didst match thy selfe:

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

A man most worthy of all impious fame,
 Who *Don Phendippe* cleaped was by name.
 Know (gallant sir) I did repose my life
 Vpon the friend-ship of that foolish man;
 Hee kept my soule betweene his Tyrant's armes
 Nay (let mee adde) the value of my Crowne,
 (For which some Kings would eu'n exchange their soule)
 Hee kept both Soule and Crowne betwixt his armes,
 Yet both lay open to excessiue harmes:
 O if I had election to dispend

My fauour vpon such a Rogue as hee
 But once, once more; I'de locke my counsell vp
 And keepe my bosome secrets to my selfe.

LAE. Kings may indeed depriue their Senate-house
 Of some pretence, and may (let others prate)
 Conceale affaires belonging to the State.

ME. If hell afforded such a menstruous ragge
 I'de re-conclile the error of my sence;
 But, now may reckon vp some woe-full verse
 For solid passion Poets best reherse.

LAE. A Poets rapture Kings haue wish'd to feele
 Which some despise because vncapable.

ME. The Muses make my braine their banquet-house,
 And thus with *Lucan* will wee frame our song
 Of dreaded horror, whose in-human rage
 Blew dire-full tempest through the *Tharsall* plaine
 Of lawes neglected, and a stubborne age
 Whose blood & black-deeds did their country staine
 Of ciuill discord, and a haplesse breach
 In Kingdomes couenant, which did sore impeach
 The worlds whole Confines, and their Publicke-weale
 Wee sing, and sternely treat how euery deale
 Standards met Standards, Ensignes were a-like,
 Bowes threatned Bowes, and nimble speares the Pike.
 (*Romans*) what madnesse may wee terme this strife?
 Be your owne blades let loose, against your life?
 That Nations farre remote should see and smile

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

At your wide gaping wounds, and *Rome* reuile?
 And must your hot encounters carlesse boyle,
 When *Babylon* should perish in the spoyle
 Of her victorious Trophies? when the Ghost
 Of vnreuedged *Crassus* heere stood toss'd
 Aboue ground? then must war-like humors breath
 Which wanting triumph, want a worthy wreath.
 O and alas! what King domes, what renowne
 This blood might haue obtain'd? some temptiue Crowne,
 Where beautilous *Titan* sleepest, and heauy night
 Exempts the ioyfull harbengers of light:
 Else where the sweltring noone-day scalds with heate,
 Else where continuall Winter takes her seate:
 Where *Scythicke Pontus* pierc'd with crazy cold
 Lyes bed-red on a cripple corner-mould,
Ceres might conquer'd beene, *Araxes* yoak'd
 Had not domestlicke warre such broiles prouok'd.
 If (*Rome*) thy battailes thou esteeme such blisse
 Subdue all Kings, then were it not amisse
 To combat with thy selfe; meane while breake of,
 For multitude of foes may freely scoffe.
 OM. Our King hath tasted iuice of *Helicon*.
 ME. Tasted? no foole, the Muses do entraunse
 My deere imagination, I will swim
 Through each sweete streame of rauish'd eloquence
 Of Passion, Satyre, AEglogue, Epigram
 Of Sonets, Imprecations, Epitaphes,
 And by them all admonish Mighty Kings
 To keepe their bosome lockt; for friendship stings..

Act. 4. Scœn. 2.

MENANDER, HYPPONAX, LAELIO, EUPHORBVS,
 HYARCHVS.

Go fetch a Garland from the Muses-groue
 For I will sit amongst the Sheep-heard Swaines.

Vpon.

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Vpon some pretty tuft or pleasant hill
 Hung (in my honour) with fresh hallowed baies,
 And eccho forth an Alphabet of layes:
 My Queene, poore Queene, bereft of beauties pride
 Shall in our fancy sit and touch our side.
 Hy. Grieve not, she was my daughter (gratious King)
 Me. *Gratious*, and *King*, be words not knowne to mee;
 I am no King, nor will be gracious
 But an impartiall Poet of this age
 Who must inueigh at Kings and Kingly grace.
 I must a multitude of woes rehearse
 And stab my audience with I-ambicke verse:
 Raile at the peeuisish humour of a slaue
 Whose rude examples be notorious.
 Attend my whole narration (royall Dukes)
 Remember how I did the Forrest rule,
 How I amongst the troupe of Elephants,
 Foxes, and Tygers, Apes, and Leopards,
 Was, by appointment of my fathers will
 Left as an heire legitimate, to liue
 And re-establisth my true parents blood:
 Remember and imagine I did rule
 Like an audacious Lyon of the lawnes,
 Who by mis-fortune haue caught a pricke
 Which doth distemper his presuming paw
 Meetes with a heart-lesse Pilgrime, doth salute
 His coward fancy with a peale of feares
 Then doth submit (some ceremonies done)
 His royall stoutnesse to the trembling man
 Puts forth his pained member, shewes the wound
 Till the distracted traoueller con-ceiues
 A remedy to succour that which grieues:
 The Lyon thus allur'd with seeming loue
 Protects the Pilgrime by his noble force
 Doth not for-sake him, fawnes vpon the wretch
 Whose poore compulsiue cowardise did vrge
 That tributar alleageance (not his loue)

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Least life should answer what his will deny'd:
 Thus did they liue till the most faithlesse man
 Grew so familiar hee was not as fear'd
 To shake the sleeping Lyon by the beard:
 Thus hee pretended still to be aboue
 So slew the Lyon for his Kingly loue.
 And thus, ô thus! did my *Phendippe* deale:
 For from the dust and dunghill did I raise
 The needy fortunes of that naked man
 Without all merit, saue hypocrisy
 Which was my thanke for all his dignity:
 The Gods and you beare witnesse (noble friends)
 I tooke that fellow for the truest man
 That woman e're was blest'd with; did beleue
 His birth and education both Deuine,
 Who was indeed a deuill; for whose death
 My brainlesse fury did blaspheme the Gods:
 O if I had election to for-sake
 The substance of my soules eternity,
 If soule and body did together die
 If deaths corruption could corrupt the soule,
 (So make it vanish, and auoide controule,)
 No speedy torment should escape, no death
 Be vn-attempted, till my life and breath
 Were as my soule is now, inuisible:
 O I would climbe *Acro-seraunian* rockes,
 Run to the top of *Etna*, or the *Alpes*
 And rush downe head-long like a desperate slaue;
 Or like an *Aiax*, greedy of reuenge,
 I would in-counter Woules, and Vnicornes,
 Tempting the sauage worthies to assaile
 My carelesse life, and so in-counter mee.
 E. v. But sir, the soule of man is pretious,
 Made of immortall essence, cannot die.
 M. E. So, I'me oppress'd with immortality,
 And though my rotten Carkasse soone decay
 Yet must my soule account for blasphemy:

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

For *Blasphemy*, which I in zealous loue
To a false lewd impostor did augment
With sharpe investitures euen to vex the Gods.

H I P. Your loue to that dissembler was extreme
And all *extremes* beget *extremities*.

M E. To that dissembler, to that deuill, say;
To that Magitian, true-borne Impe of hell,
Speake thus; and let mee thanke your eloquence;
For had hee beene produc'd of earthly race
His charmes and witch-craft could not so deceiue
My narrow apprehension, ô attend!

And I will make you weepe before I end.

Pseudope like a frozen viper was

Whom, I (delighted with a formall shew)

By chance tooke vp, and warmth and life bestow'd

Vpon this piteous creature; till at length

Hee crept and crawl'd into my bosome; I

Did suffer still, through plaine simplicity,

The se pent to become familiar;

My table and my Trencher gaue him food,

Still did I suffer, still hee slept and sed

Vpon my trembling bosome; hee did kisse

And lick my tender veins, as I did his:

Still did I suffer, though my soundest friends

Bad mee beware of such a subtle Guest,

Giuing faire cautions to embrace the best;

Still did I suffer, and did scourge aduice,

With sharpe rebukes, not valewuing the price.

So long I sufferd, hee so long did sleepe,

So long hee lick'd mee, and so long time crept,

So long I lou'd him, hee so long time wept

With false affection, as hee did confirme

My not mis-doubting friend-ship, which was firme,

But after all my loue, and all his teares,

After my patience, and his creeping smiles,

My long, long sufferance, and his thankfull vowes;

After all these ô God, my bosome groanes

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

To thinke, that after all such boundlesse good
Hee wish'd to sucke vpon my royall bloud.

EV P. The subtile wretch, in mischiefe, did reioyce,
And was corrupted by the peoples voyce.

HYA. True, they corrupt, whom they still hope to please
The peoples physicke, doth enflame disease.

MEN. Foule vengeance choake the people, and their loue,
They doe deiect whom they aduance aboue:

The peoples suffrage, to a rising youth
Is like their folly at a publicke Stage,
Striuing to purchase a dumbe audience
By multitude of clamour; they suppose
Peace is engendred by still crying peace,

As if confusion did by murmure cease:
So they imagine, by their open mouth,
To make a Gyant, though but scarce a man:
They speake him vertuous, bountifull, and wise
Hoping polluted breath, might Canonize
Whom they (with dirty palmes) do seeme to raise,
And bind his Temples with their stinking baies:

No, they but make him dizzy, deafe, and mad,
Whom they desire to make a demi-god;
Their multitudes of clamour doe beget

A most vn-cured swimming of the head;

For so the rules of ringing do agree,

Confusion euer spoiles a harmony.

What Cox-combe now dares call *Alexander* mad?

Doe not (I pray) abuse mee (noble boyes)

Although I be a Poet; all men know

I neuer writ of *Cupids* whirligig,

Of amorous conceites, nor daliance,

And iust so long as Poets will abstaine

From foolish loue and *Cupids* Diety,

The Poets Art is counted Piety.

But if the tenor of a loue-sicke Theame

Stuffe rotten Volumnes then the Author's mad,

Or Moone-sicke, some iudicious booke-men, say,

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Though others, amid' earnest, allow play.

Ev. p. (Alas good King) what sudden ouer-throw
Distracts poore weakenesse by a little woe?

ME. Who talks of woe? did you sweete passenger?
Open thy case if it bee parallel.

Let's liue co-partners in some vgly shade
Where none but melancholy night-rauens keepe
There let's complaine, but (breath being silent) weep.
Not farre from hence, low in a humble Caue,

My little cottage stands deuoide of care
Finely en-compass'd with a pleasant waue
Drest vp with Daiesies, Cow-slips, Hyacinths
And many thousand pretty, pretty things
Which Nature lends me while the black-bird sings:
Foure Goats I haue which browze vpon the twigs,
Two did relinquish mē, for I had six,

One seem'd a Lambe which was indeed a Wolfe,
Him did my dog discouer, kill, and eate --

Ev. Wee doe discouer all thy weakenesse King
To helpe is hard, to weepe an easy thing.

ME. Dares then thy blistred tongue (audacious foole)
Forget all duty and disturbe a Duke?

(Impudent Assc) I do degrade thy cares
And thee, from all imployment; be an Assc

At large, and carry loaues, like *Lucius*

Deserue a Cudgell and a biting spurre,

Be dull and sluggish in extremities

Till I bestow a Rose or any thing

To make thy suddaine metamorphosis.

Ev. It's made already (King) and I will kisse

Your dainty palme, then laugh, and Poetize

Cast of my robe and act old *Lucius*,

Or *Messala Coruino*; daunce I will,

And after sixty Summers will I doate

So, change my garment for a mimickes coate:

Captiues repine at their compulsion thrall

Who then (sweete Mistresse) may me Captiue call?

Though

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Though conquer'd I confesse

Yet voids of heavinesse:

For-bearance makes my freedom

At length to bee more welcome.

When with compassion thou shalt pittie

Mee; or approue my harmlesse Dittie:

If ransom you require

Tell mee thy chiefe desire;

What is it I would not giue thee?

Make triall and beleue mee.

Ransome though you refuse

Or at the least excuse

Yet to the latest of a thousand liues

I will reioyce in loue, triumph in giues.

OM. Age is become a yong in-amorate.

ME. Laugh, laugh, infernall furies leape for ioy;

Make mee a flaming Chariot, I will ride

Vpon the wings of potent *Lucifer*,

And flie, like lightning, through th'amazed Orbe.

Thunder shall be my Page, and *Eolus*

Leade vp my Coach-horse to big *Titans* Hall,

Where in that faire Assembly of the Gods,

Glistering with golden robes Pontific all:

I must a volume of large thanks recite,

And a petition to dame *Luna* write:

All, for thy sweete acquaintance *Messala*

Whom I adore, and much will dignify

Those who pertake in rauish'd lunacy.

EV. So, then wee are companions (lusty ladde.)

ME. Till daring *Ioue* dissolue the Vniuerse,

Till the last reuolution of this Orbe.

EV. Till Citizens accounted ciuill knaues,

To cheating custome be no longer slaues.

ME. Till sage authentickes of vn-spotted liues

Leaue bawdy Panderisme to their willing wiues.

EV. Then, faith til Courtiers too, with fatten fleeces

Renownce all begging and be arrant theeues.

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

ME. Till Taylors like-wife made of shreds and shelues
Enrich the debtor to vn-doe themselves.

EV P. Till the most gallant Ladies of the Court
Esteeme deuotion there abused sport.

ME. Then 'saith till Players, Poets, (Ape and Affe)
Spend all they get from *Iune* to *Michaelmas*.

EV P. So then for euer shall wee liue like friends,
Thou must forgiue though *Messala* offends.

HIP. What can exceed these miracles of age,
Whose actions might againe reuiue the stage?

A Common councill must protect the State,
Till mad *Menander* haue atton'd his fate:

Till *Cynthia* her punishment release
And giue *Menander* leaue to rule in peace.

Act. 4. Scœn. 3.

MANTESIO, MENANDER, EUPHORBVS,
LAELIO, PERILLVS.

Whither, ô whither, and to what extreames
Doe the most waking Gods driue guilty men?
MAN. Who liues to know, obtaines a blessed age,
But hee a curse, who knowledge doth abuse;
Subtle temptation must not make men erre
With iudgement, though approvall may conferre
Kingdomes of wealth, which is impossible
(So gotten) to continue, if well paid.
O since I knew the folly to aduise
And nourish vp the rude infirmities
Of each voluptuous Epicure in state
Striuing to take dependance from the smile
Of an imperious favorite, weake shame
Neuer till now oppress'd mee; and I sweare
Did not the sword of iustice now strike home
I would in-counter shame with fortitude,
But a discarded woe (the common plague

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Of seruile age eeu'n dead with misery)
 Hath after long for-bearance seiz'd on mee:
Phendippes death was fatall to my life
 Because neglected by his liuing wife.

ME. Haue I then caught thy vn-appeased soule?
 Tell mee, come tell mee, wicked wretch declare,
 Why hast thou broken holy friend-ships vow?
 Speake (damned vermin) each true accent tell
 For wee'le vn-rip thy bosome spight of hell;
 Speake thou contemptuous varlet, doe not strue
 And shake thy limbs with vn-expressed feare,
 For (trembling slaue) my hand shall catch thy haire,
 Hold thee perforce, with chaines of adamant,
 Till thy audacious shadow quaking seeth,
 If hands be weary I can hold by teeth.

MAN. But o Iudicious -- ME. Villaine I abhorre
 The hatefull sound of thy be-witching voyce,
 Keepe in thy clamorous eccho (coniurer)
 And cease with Magicke to enchant our sence
 Or I will finde thy beard off with my breath:
 O you damn'd fawning Rascall, canst thou shake
 And tremble after all thy infamy?
 Thou thanklesse, rotten-hearted-slaue, thou snake
 Did I deserue suppression? tell mee (Foxe)
 You temporising Courtier, that's enough,
 Hee needs not call thee knaue, nor Sycophant,
 And ir-religious Jew, that cal's thee so,
 For thou didst study these; thinking to proue
 A learned Polititian, that's a diuell,
 A most abortiue monster, strangely made
 With long huge hornes a crafty Foxes head
 A Lyons posture and extended eares
 With eighty soules and hearts, like little eggs;
 But with a Camels backe, and Tygers legs;
 Wanting a breast-bone, like the sauage Beare,
 So climbe hee doth and curry vp the rockes,
 Mounting the tops of straight *Pyramides*

But

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

But when hee tumbles, like a smitten Tower,
Declining softly to an omenous dearth,
First will his head salute the shaking earth.
The blacke remembrance of thy fatall end
Makes my assertion true, thee a false-friend:

MA. Opacifye great King. - ME. - Your yawning voice
With a full concord of my furious palme
If you produce another syllable
You most notorious caitife, you mad curre,
Thou Politicians dog, did I aduance
Thy ragged fortunes to degrade my selfe,
Make thee a partner of my Kingdomes ioy
Giue thee my Kingdomes pleasure, wealth, and wiues,
When I (made foolish) to make thee as King
Tooke the bare title and a glorious heape
Of golden sorrow requisite for Kings,
Keeping the best (by priuiledge) for thee
Without a second riual? thus I did,
Nay, did I thus and yet thou proue vnkind?
I call my faith in question to demand
Such need-lesse truth, for thou didst proue vnkind,
Contriuing the subuersion of my rule
Which gaue a perfect essence to thy soule,
Submit, submit for shame, and say *forgiue* :
Say but *forgiue* and I am gracious.

MAN. I am not (sacred King) as you suppose
The tortur'd Ghost of that in-glorious man
Phendippe, sunke below the verge of hell.
But old *Mantesio* is my seruile name,
Once did I serue whom you so much did loue,
The murdered honour of that haughty Duke.

MEN. Thou Spirit of delusion, ô affirme
This doubtfull figment; once againe deny
A soule of reason to thy Soueraigne.

MAN. My flesh doth witnesse for mee I doe liue.

MEN. Am I then mad *Mantesio*? agree
Your are no Ghost and make the consequence.

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

EUPH. But brother, who's mad now? not *Messala*.

ME. Deride vs then, and be ridiculous.

Tell mee *Mantesio*, why didst talke of curse,
Discarded woe, and vexing misery?

MAN. Of all I tasted in extremity.

ME. Liues there that soule vpon the spacious globe,
Which doth vprightly thinke it can deserue

Extremity of sorrow, heapes of woe

As did *Phendippe*? it's impossible:

No (good old man) though thy large multitude
Of capitall offences do exceed,

The wandring starres, I may account thee cleane,
Like a religious innocent, or babe,

As a bright Angell, to *Phendippe's* shame.

MAN. Yet am I poore, and will partake in woe:

ME. Canst be distracted? melancholicke? mad?

Swear by the beauty of the burning Zone?

Looke like a dead-mans scull, most scirvily?

Laugh, weepe, raile, swear, and hang thy selfe at once?

Rend off thy pleated haire, be lunaticke?

Liue naked in a tempting wildernesse?

Call mee *Don Ajax*? liue by roots and hearbes?

Be a true male-content? be ever sad?

Cloudy, like *Christmas*? be dis-consolate?

And (aboue all) renounce society?

If thus thou canst obserue a dogged change,

If gloomy sorrow (made excessiue strange)

Stab thy distracted senses to the life,

Wee may dispatch all sence without a knife.

But who comes heere? LAE. A Poet (pretious sir)

ME. Thy name? PE. *Perillus*. ME. O aduance thy tune,

Provoke thy sharpe *Melpomene* to sing

The story of a begger and the King.

Canst command Poems vn-præmedite?

PER. I haue a little smacke of poesie,

Can smell the amber-breath that rapture brings,

Vpon receit of which my consort sings.

N

ME.

A cunning & crafty fellow
 who is a great deal of
 a fellow

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

ME, But I haue bedded the faire Muses nine,
 Slept in the bosome of *Melpomene*,
 Haue rid vpon the wings of *Pegasus*,
 Drunke downe a flood of sparkling *Hyppocren*,
 Keepe a perpetuall moisture in my head,
 Hating such dilatory sloth of men,
 From whose weake braines the rotten papers shed,
 Like leaues in autumnne; I account him quicke
 Who is by nature so; with finall intent
 Such (as my selfe) may be proficient:
 I could now turne conceited stagerite,
 And represent I will, with feeling straines,
 The Ghost of *Crassus*, or cracke all my vaines:
 Suppose me then the Ghost of that old man,
 That sorry man, my ribs trans-fix'd with Steele,
 Or with a tempest of the *Scythian* darts,
 My wounded carkasse blacke with bloody gore,
 Long sleep'd in frosty *stupor*, to arise,
 With squallid rayment from the waues of hell,
 And vnto *Pompei* apparitions tell:
 Will you great *Pompei*, patron of my cause,
 Who didst by solemne oath, vow full revenge?
 Will you, the comfort of my funerals,
 Tombe to my ashes, and my naked bones?
 Will you, will *Pompei* proue delinquent? hee,
 Who hath in loue to *Crassus*, threatned stabs,
 Death and destruction till deepe wounds increase,
 Can hee loue *Crassus* foe, and seeke for peace?
 Bleed then my gaping and forgotten wounds
 Bleed eu'n afresh, or let my frozen blood,
 Like a congealed firrop, now dissolue,
 After such cloudy seasons of the yeare,
 Such heauy sorrow, and such doubtfull feare:
 After so many dismall nights and dayes,
 So many tempests of the *Stygian* Barke,
 And prophesie, things fatall, true, but darke:
 Calamity made famous by extreames
 Erected in a maible monument,

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Shall by her often meeting vex thy minde,
 Else by opposed number make thee blinde:
 Horror and ruine (*Pompei*) shall affront
 Thy shamelesse fortunes, thy fowle negligence,
 Cities at thy sub-uerſion ſhall reioyce
 The ſculls and trophies of thy captaines loſſe
 The victor ſhall vpon his iaueling toſſe;
 Where ſwiſt *Euphrates*, ſent ſuch worthy names
 To blacke oblivion, and the tumbling waues
 Of big-ſwolne *Tygris*, caſt my carkaffe dead
 Vpon the margent of that muddy ſhore,
 And gaue to earth what *Neptune* could not keepe,
 Hauing once caſt my wounded limbes aſleepe:
 There ſhall thy woe approach, and *Pompei* know
 If quicke avoidance bee not difficult,
 Thou then more eaſely mightſt attone the ſtriſe
 Which thy proud factious *Nephew* hath begun,
 Raging amid the heart of *Theſſaly*.
 Thinke but a while vpon the *Roman* orbe,
 Thinke of thy friends at home, thinke who they are,
 And thoſe few friends with watchfull ſoes compare:
 Thinke yet of *Egypt*, her ſeuē-headed gulfe,
 Ioyne with *Egyptian Ptolomei*, and thriue,
 His high tuition appertaines to thee,
 Tender his nonage, aime at *Egypt*s throne,
 Whoſe King hath but the ſhadow of a name,
 Becauſe a childiſh infant, lacking fame,
 And feare, (the ſubſtance of a Diademe)
 Nor thinke the old allegiance to their kings,
 Can ſo eſtrange the peoples loue to thee,
 But know the ſtate of kingdomes be moſt milde,
 If, or, the King is new, or is a childe:
 Both do concurre to crowne thy happineſſe,
 Set ſaile for *Egypt*, make thy couenant there,
 Oppoſe the *Parthi*, and depopulate
 The fields, where *Crassus* did enioy his fate:
 Say, from the cinders of a ſlaughtered man,

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

You tooke aduice to turne *Egyptian*.

PE. Most lively acted, and like *Roscius*.

LAE. Hee doth pronounce with volubility.

MAN. For a pure copious linguist hee doth well,
But for ingenious action doth excell.

EV P. The King for a Comædian I'faith;

But I will strue to act about thee (King)

And out of brim-stone rockes may vertue split,
I am a cold, and must go digge for wit.

ME. Goe digge for wit whilst I am Ioviall,

And laugh and leape among my flatterers,

Come daunce *Lavoltres* my familiar knaues,

Do you commend this mirth? OM. Most happily.

PER. Mirth may expell distraction, if secure.

ME. But ô my friend, I am not as I seeme,

Merry indeed but onely seeming so;

Vn-rip my bosome, and with lines of blood

Deeply ingrau'd vpon my trembling heart,

You may discerne attractive Epitaphs,

The shamefull curse of a contemptuous King,

A loue-knot double broken, and by whom

Friendship rewarded with extreame abuse;

False-hood, without a colour, and excuse.

PE. What flinty flesh could now abstaine from teares?

ME. Do then thy stranger thoughts compassionate,

And weepe at our in-humane destiny.

If thy relenting heart true passion feele,

Then let thy moist'ned loue some drops distill;

Weepe on (my friend) I cannot I controule

The copious fountaine; for a silent teare

Doth apprehend the quicke; but neuer howle:

For sake mee now, and leaue me desolate,

I would revolve the lessons of my state.

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Act. 4. Scœn. 4.

THE GHOST OF PHEVDIPPE, MENANDER.

Vp from earths lodging, and those rotten sculs,
Buried in embers till the earth awake,
Wrapt in my funerall-ashes, safe referu'd,
I doe arise from rude antiquity,
To begge but pardon as a mid-nights almes,
Feeling the horror of my fault immence,
Which doth exceed in nature all offence.
I come (*Menand. r.*) ME. Who *Menander* cal's?
What hidden Diuell dares molest my muse?
PHE. Denounce thy iudgement with a milder tune,
I come (*Menander.*) ME. Death to my soule! what comes?
Who comes? or how do'st come? inuisible?
PH. I come with meeknesse. ME. Why, or whence dost come?
Damnation ouertake thee, what's thy name?
Shadow of *Stygian* horror! what's thy name?
(Intruder) know thy distance, keepe aloofe,
Come not within fixe yards, vpon the price
And perill of an vn-avoided charme:
By which, and thousand other potent spels,
The magicke *Herball*, oyntments, numbers odde,
By trans-mutations, mid-nights, *Incubus*,
Squint-ey'd *Eriethon*, soule of *Hecate*,
I doe con-iure thee, tell, and not mistake,
How fares *Pheudipp*: of the *Stygian* lake?
PHE. O I am hee, a spirit of despaire,
Compact (by *Ioues* decree) of cloudy aire.
I am the wretch, who was in life, a span;
But in excesse of crime, a crooked man.
ME. Blesse the good stars aboue, thou guilty theefe
Which doe in-close thee with a robe of clouds,
Spight of protection else, and coats of steele,
The tempest of my passion thou shouldst feele;
Thunder and lightning should not dare with-stand

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

To take due vengeance from my fatall hand.

PHE. My tortures be about thy humane gesse,
The torment of my soule who may expresse?
My comforts now be multitudes of paine,
Viewing a number infinite of soules,
Which stuffe the dampish pit with piercing howles,
Restlesse they tumble, hoping to get ease,
And, more they moue, out-rage doth more increase.
Wee raile at our conception, curse the skye,
And in the face of heau'n spit blasphemy.

Wee all enjoy a most impatient curse,
Yet all suppose our owne paine still the worse;
Motion doth vex vs, sitting still doth vex,
Torment, no age escapes, no sumptuous sexe:

ME. Did thy ambitious height incurre all this?

PHE. My fallhood, flattery, and a Courtiers life,
(The fountaines to all sorrow) did infect
My soule with a disease vn-curable.

ME. I doe indeed forgiue thee, therefore tell
Compassion to the Pursuant of hell;
Say I forgiue thee, and on that dis-charge,
Command the crabbed taylor to in-larg
Thy long and lowlie thraldome; often say
I doe forgiue thee (false vngracious man)
O often-times repeat, *the King forgiues,*
Often repeat, as an exemplar thing,
Thou hast obtain'd forgiuenesse of a King,
For a tall gyant-error, an offence
Made monstrous bigge by circumstance; contempt
In a degree about comparison;
Yet I forgiue those capitall crimes done:
If thou attainted be with some offence,
Equall in nature to this high contempt,
Goe then accur'd, till I redeeme thee, goe
Accounted worthy of damnations woe:
But, because officers do sting like bees,
Say I forgiue thee, and will pay thy fees.

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Few plaintifes, or appellants doe the like,
 Though I without a iudgement will release
 Errors escap'd from youth, solue in peace.
 P H E. But I am past repentance (royall sir)
 And so thy pardon is like bounty giuen
 To beggers dead, or med'cines ill-bestow'd
 On separated members, like vaine life
 Purchas'd by seales and writings after death,
 And execution of a guilty theefe;
 There's no capacity for dead reliefe.
 Kings, clad with numerous titles, cannot giue
Promethean fire, to make a dead man liue:
 Pardon of Kings no benefite may deale,
 Except it passe by a superiour scale:
 Sursets and rupture, to be dumbe, and blinde,
 Acknowledge Art; but sursets of the minde
 And rupture in affections forcing ill,
 Know none about, but a free gouern'd will:
 Which if it proue re-misse, mans powerfull fate
 Carries him head-long to my damn'd estate;
 The ship-wrack'd Pilot may discerne a shelve,
 But euery foole vn-cheated, cheats himselfe:
 Aduance thy pale desires, looke fresh and big,
 Thinke on revenge, cleare thy contracted brow,
 Be sensible of wrong, and (worthy) know
 My false co-partners liue, who did conspire,
 And frame the bellowes of ambitious fire:
Amilcar liues (my sonne) *Lucilla* liues
 (Thy subtile sister) old *Mantefio* liues:
 All my adharents, all competitors
 In miserie, most well-knowne conspirators;
 Yet all suruiue in safety, traytors liue:
 Thinke on revenge, I doe aduise thee well;
 Sleepe not vpon thy proiects, if thou want
 Opinion of a friend, heare mee a supplicant:
 Levell inuention with a speedy aime,
 Till thou the cunning of such knaues reclaime.

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

ME. My sister false? *Amilcar* such a knaue?

Who indeed is, but is affections slaue?

PH. And none but him, iudgements incounter can,

Although aspersions touch the honest man.

Remember these my motiues, morning peepes,

The day no dilatory time doth giue,

To eclose forth at large, thy *Queene* doth liue.

ME. Doth *Famulina* liue? deere shadow stay,

PH. My absence is enforc'd through rising day.

ME. Split then in peeces thou pernicious toade,

My plagues deminish to augment thy load.

My *Queene* sur-viue? ioynt-cause of all my woe?

Of all my anger, blasphemy and rage?

Is shee reserv'd? doth *Famulina* liue?

Whose absence made me raile at *Cynthia*?

O I haue swallow'd poyson, which tort'nts

All my distracted veines with agony,

A griefe continuing without all re-lease,

Contumption of my paine breeds paines increase.

Now for ob-noxious compounds to possesse

The soule with euerlasting letinargy,

Ransome of thousand Kings would I exchange,

Or like a beast, humanity estrange.

O for enchanted *Peppes*, or the iuice

Of drunken *Hemlocke*, to lay soules asleepe,

I'd like a Serpent on our belly creepe,

Licking each humble shrub, and carelesse seed

Vpon the stubble of each stinking weed.

Shreike o the mid-night-*mindrakes* voyce aloud,

So may the horror of that piercing sound,

Turne soule and body both alike to ground:

Pel-mel together my affections fight,

Each conquer each, some scudd away by flight.

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Act. 4. Scœn. 5.

AMILCAR.

Coyes and *Lust*, arch-enemies to loue,
 Combat apace within my youthfull bloud;
 Feare to attempt my vn-experienc'd wish,
 Tels me with what a coy and constant face
 The Queene will start in motiues of my lust;
 (For I no better Title can bestow
 On our audacious meaning) lust abounds,
 Free from all apprehension of that loue
 Which simple-meaning youths do still protest
 And vow to virgin-chastity; but I,
 Who am inflam'd with ambiguity
 Will not imbarque a faithlesse vow so farre
 As evaporate promise, which infects
 Beyond fierce natures lust, and stabs my fame:
 Because rich *Nature*, although couetous,
 Loth to conferre a full satiety
 Of goodnesse, vpon me her suppliant,
 Hath yet impos'd one vertue about all,
 In promise euer to disdain the breach,
 Though strict obseruance do my weale impeach:
 Yes, I preferre the violent attache
 Of maiden-head, before false promises;
 For (all can witnesse) rape's a thing in act,
 So there's an end; We never doe dissemble,
 Nor do extinguish sparkes of sanctity
 With fraud, with vn-supported periury,
 (Ioyning ranke false-hood to concupiscence)
 Protesting marriage to enioy a smacke,
 And so deceiue the long desirous wombe
 Of hop'd fruition: A hot rauisher
 Giues what the wombe would otherwise demand:
 Yet will I not enrage my lust so farre,
 As violence to wrong the beauteous Queene,

O

If

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

If shee (as women will) proue plyable,
 Nor will engage on oath to assevere
 What I disdaine, y^oak'd-marriage; for indeed,
 Women be clogs which hang about the necke
 Of man, so heauy till it sometimes breake:
 A well-couch'd theame of loue shall therefore try
 If without promise I may mount on high:
 The bonds of marriage I abhorre to chuse,
 And rather would vpon such points refuse
 The noble Queene (if to accomplish it
 Were possible) then happily enioy:
 Seeing nature doth demand variety,
 Admitting which, with full faciety,
 Health is impeach'd, and many men made poore,
 Who hauing honest wiues will hugge a whoore.

ACT. 4. SCEN. 6.

AMILCAR, GRACCHVS.

Speake, is she made of waxe (solicitor?)
 GR. Of mil-stones (my good Lord) for lime & chalke
 Cannot expresse the full comparifon:
 Cold Images of Ice, and frozen snow,
 Had beene dissolued with my summer speech
 Piercing vnto the quicke, but constant shee,
 Liketo some *Egle* on a *Cedar* stop,
 Disdaining idle nets, will perch aboue,
 In sight of *Cupid*, and his potent loue.
 AM I. I burne the rather, and by rape will quench
 My lustfull famine, were she *Iones* owne wench.
 GR A. O doe not offer head-strong violence;
 Delay makes modest women more propense.
 AM. Death & damnations plague to boot! how long
 Must I abstaine (you smooth-tongu'd flatterer)
 Till doomes-day? doe not vrge my flaming wrath,
 Least you prouoke a *Lyon* to the spoile.

By

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

By *Cupids* Sacraments of lust and loue,
I will no more delay (thou lazy dogge)
Dost trifle? speake forbearance, and delay?
I doe begin to be suspitious
Of thy proceedings: tell vs of delay?
No, as the Faulcon doth a Pheasant seize,
I will both seize vpon her (prating daw)
And trusse her vp in my Imperious claw.
(Sirrah) rememer, I did giue you meate,
Clothes, coine, and such good poore commodities,
When you were quite blowne vp with gamesters lucke,
Raggies and fowle linnen, scabbes and sciruy lice,
The quicke associates of all cheating dice,
Did honestly begin to set vp house
In your old single suit, pray do not make
Mee a disseisor of francke-tenements,
By tortious dealing with your free-holders,
Who had a better Title then my selfe
If you do proue vn-thankfull; so consider.
G. R. A. Am I vp-braided? noble sir I thanke
The bounteous almes you lent my bare estate,
And I as freely doe desclaime desert,
As you did freely giue them; yet in-faith
I was not lowfie (Lord) consider well,
Though Lords be lowfie too sometimes; if hell
Heau'n, earth, and men, be not so gracious,
As to conceale infirmities of state.
A. M. Say I am lowfie sir. G. R. A. Can pox forbid?
But I must giue him better language now:
No (my respected sir) I dare not taxe
Espesiall favorites, of lice or poxe,
'Mongst whom you are the chiefe, but milky skin
That hath faire out-sides, may be fowle within.
And I againe do in despight averre,
'Voidance of lice from our natiuity.
Reclaime then that aspersion (Lord) and know
I was not lowfie, but like mid-night snow,

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Pure, when thy selfe (now seeking to supplant)
 Took't me to rescue from the iawes of want :
 I was not low sic (Lord) looke bigge and buist,
 I will maintaine my credit, though accurst.
 A MI. You were not low sic (knaue) not ragged, no
 Nor sicke, I condescend; yet sirrah know
 The plagues of *Egypt* all began to march
 Full-mouth vpon thee (like devouring dogges
 Ready enough to rend a breathlesse Fox)
 When I with noble pittie being oppress'd,
 Flew forth like lightning to thy rescu'd life,
 Which is indeed my proper donatiue.
 Do not reply thou true insulting toade,
 Squint-ey'd caitife, you pernicious rat,
 You gelded rascal, you most low sic rogue :
 Do not reply, mad mastife, do not swell,
 And thinke (because you can discouer well
 My trickes of youth) to stop the seruent rage
 Of our vn-tam'd affections; future age
 Must, and shall, witness my fierce violence,
 If thou discouer but one syllable ;
 Nay, if thou entertaine a peece of thought,
 Which by vn-mas king mee doth hope revenge:
 Swear, swear (you thick-lip'd rascal) kindly swear
 Without compulsion, or base-minded feare,
 To be like mid-night, as a sepulchre,
 Dumbe as a Turkish executioner,
 Nay, as a marble statue, void of signes
 Touching the substance of my secrecie.
 Swear (slau) and thinke my soule a fury mad,
 Able to force wide rupture through the face
 Of threatning *Horror* to endamage thee;
 As to demand account of periury.
 Do not seeme loath, expecting new delay;
 For I can stab you (capon) to the quicke,
 Cut off your Eunuch-nose, then laugh and kicke
 Your low sic stinking neats-iowle to the dogges.

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

GRA. Without collusion I do strictly sweare.

AM. And thinke withall, I who haue coine bestow'd,
Clothes, and faire countenance, with store of meat,
Can also giue sharpe sawce, which will procure
Digestion to the stomacke, else (proud sir)
You will dis-gorge the vomit in my face ;
If kindnesse do recoyle, let feare take place :

GRA. I am your foot-stoole, tread vpon my teeth,
And so charme silence if you do mis-doubt.

AM. No, but remember if you shall bewray
My darke designments, or vse cheating play
In prosecution of my priuate cause,
(Hoping for payment from the *Spartan* lawes)
Remember that thy life, and interest
Of being rich, both owe a speciall rent
With homage, and knight-seruice vnto me,
Remember you do hold in *Capite*.

GRA. Cut then my seruile tongue out of my head,
Slit my suspected organs, make me dumbe,
Handlelesse and sightlesse if you thinke me false,
For I must otherwise be false indeed :
Men that admonish to auoid some vice,
Must not inculcate motiues more then thrice;
Pupils much tutor'd with Identity
Of reprehension, proue but spur-gall Iades ;
Because they thinke the vicious estate
Of things habituall, doe argue fate,
Which to resist, they thinke impiety,
Exclude me therefore from society
Of human habitants, or leaue to vex,
Which is a torment to all human sexe.

AM. I leaue addition, but consider well,
You are as deepe ingag'd almost as I ;
Which depth, of both ingagements, reach to hell,
If any (but our selues) the depth espy.

GRA. Sit, I haue broke the Ice to *Appetite*,
And with a studied phrase did I begin,

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Hoping to thaw the coldest frosty North

By representing multitude of feares.

A M. And did she melt? G R. Yes melted into teares,

But was a stranger to my wanton tales :

Shee comes whom your hot loue so close empales.

Act. 4. Scœn. 7.

AMILCAR, FAVORINA, GRACCHVS.

Wonder of women, pompe and pride of earth,
Whose wofull absence might make beauties dearth,
Goddesse of loue-sick soules, thou glorious Nymph
Who mightst attract the Angels eyes to sinne :

O thou beyond *Amilcars* country loue,

(Because indeed a concubine for *Ioue*),

Rob not the treasure of my soules delight,

Which lies imprison'd in æternall night.

F A. Did you for this (most lying impious man)

Pull me from refuge and protection safe?

Giue me aduice, in hope of due reuenge,

To follow thee, forsake the Title *Queene*

Of Sparta, to become a *Queene of Lust*?

For this did you sollicite (beastly Lord?)

And labour by this talking Eunuch-bawd,

To conquer chastity through faithlesse fraud?

For this did you obtest high oathes aboue

My poore conceit, to shew dissembling loue?

A M I. Let me againe obtest the waking Gods,

Or (beyond them) your beauteous diety,

(Which to abuse, were vild impiety)

Thy glad fruition were a ransom'd soule,

Or kingdomes conquest in my rich account

Of glorious beauty; giuing more content

Then soules imagine, or great kingdomes may.

Wee call to witnesse thy imperious hate,

And do appeale to vertue of thy loue,

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

(If hate and loue may both together lodge)
 Thy loue surmounts my value, doth infuse
 A sudden rapture to my longing soule,
 Doth change dull nature, quicken vp my braine,
 Put a perfume into my sordid breath,
 And is indeed restorative to death.

F A. If you intend a true religious loue,
 Professe it fir, without offence to *Ioue*,
 And so remember blessed nuptials;
 For hee enioyes his fate and funerals,
 Who sometime was *Manander*, and my spouse;
 Your selfe did seale his death by constant voves.
 Speake then, and let thy answer be direct,
 Or I shall thinke, religion you neglect.

G R A. O shee hath giuen his fury a full stab,
 My sweet-mouth'd Courtier swallows downe a crab.
 The Eele is in a sand-bagge, some good man
 See how the mimicke scrues an Alphabet
 Of hungry faces, how the maggot crawles
 To feed vpon the kernell. F A. Who replies?

G R A. Againe, againe (for loues sake) spur the Iade:
 Giue him another pill, provoke the slaue,
 And make him spue his heart with madnesse; melt
 His larded veines with striving to extend
 A low sic answer; but the Idoll speakes.

F A. What makes *Amilcar* dumbe with my request?
 What makes thy trembling blood so pale and wanne,
 Most like the colour of a dying man?

A M. The sad remembrance of my foolish vow,
 Vexes meeke apprehension; yeelding forth
 In stead of answer; ambiguities.

G R A. Looke for a subtrill rare-compacted lye.

A M I. Madam, the vow mayes mee monasticall,
 I haue protested a true single life,
 Which did ingender a *Dilemma*, long,
 But religious indeed. G R A. Ridiculous,
 Indeed you are a Goat libidinous.

A M I.

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

A M I. I neuer will be yoak'd, by consequence
 No drawing beast, no big laborious ox,
 I must not marry madame. - **F A V.** Must you then
 (Because not marry, to auoyd the ox)
 Liue like a noted and eggregious Asse?
 Or like a Cammell, fierce with flaming lust?
 Would you seduce my weaker innocence?
 Secke to intrap my credulous conceit?
 You must not marry; would you then defile
 The modest thoughts of virgin-chastity?
 Would you take licence from a single life,
 To make each maid a whore, not being a wife?
 I blush to view such vild affinity,
 Betwixt a Goatish beard, and bearded men.
A M I. But be familiar (Madam) and re-call
 I was a target once to thee condemn'd,
 Both by *Lucilla*, and *Phendippe's* doome;
 Remember Madam, I did turne the edge
 Of quicke *Lucilla's* wrath vpon her selfe,
 Tooke thy confiscate beauty from the snare
 Of imminent sub-version, drew thee out
 As from a gulfe which gaping, ready stood
 To swallow downe thy honor, sing thy hurt,
 So change thy golden dignity to dust.
 I did (remember Madam) banish hate,
 For I did wrestle with vp-rising fate.
F A V. You did infranchise my condemned life,
 You did returne *Lucilla's* point of spleene
 Vpon her wicked botome, whence it came;
 You (sir) did manage my neglected cause,
 Tooke my confiscate beauty from the snare
 Of imminent sub-version; you did this;
 You, you haue beene my target, you alone
 Drew my forgotten safety from the teeth
 Of tugging dangers; you alone did this;
 And did you this to amplifie abuse?
 Did you reserue my innocence for this?

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

For this did you protect my ignorance?
 You kept my carcasſe from a rampant Woolfe,
 To feed your tame, but hungry, Lyons whelpes:
 You did preuent a neere captiuitie,
 To make my thraldome be notorious;
 You, from a guiltleſſe danger, did redeeme
 My maiden thoughts, to make the danger, guilt;
 Thou gau'ſt new being ('bout too faile before)
 After which being, muſt I be thy whore?
 'Faith you haue done a deed of charity,
 Tooke mee by reſcuer, from death paſt the chin,
 To rip my pregnant wombe, and flea my ſkin.
 But know (*Amilcar*) I am ſo reſolu'd
 Vpon the ſpot-leſſe loue of chaſtity,
 As I with proper violence will rend
 My wombe in peeces, teare my tempting face
 And go beyond a womans forritude,
 Rather then (like a Strumpet) prostitute.
 A M L. (Queene) I contemne your points of chaſtity,
 Laugh at ſuch idle trickes to colour ſinne:
 You are a captiue in my cuſtody,
 Conſider well the law of time and place
 Be at my proper nod; if naked luſt
 Bribe mee to ſome in-juſtice, doe not blame
 A ſmooth acceptance; for the frugall age
 Wherein I lue, doth barke aloud for fees
 Which in themſelues be bribes; if to the knees,
 Or necke, ſome rascall knaue be drench'd in bloud,
 The ſcarlet can abſolue a ſcarlet ſinne
 And call deepe ſlaughter a correctiue deed,
 Then blame the bribes which did in-juſtice ſeed,
 Blame not the man (I pray;) ſo blame our luſt
 Not mee *Amilcar*, if enioy wee muſt.
 F A. Haue you decreed ſome rauiſher's attempt?
 Will you determine to be violent?
 A dead pale horror doth poſſeſſe thy cheek
 With repetition of the ſimple ſound;

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Thou violate a virgins chastity?

Canst thou commit an odious rape, a sinne
Of such high out-rage; yet looke pale and dead
Vpon recitall of the sinne it selfe?

AMIL. Nip mee (good *Gracchus*) how? looke pale and dead?

Fetch *Aqua-fortis* (*Gracchus*) stab my arme,

A shaking palsie doth oppresse my heart;

How? pale, and dead? GRA. (Wife woman) I adore

The quicke inuention, and if Gods agree

Will in despight of false-hood set her free.

FA. O what damn'd terrour to a wicked man

Be guilty thoughts, considering offence

(Fitly compar'd to prodigall expence:)

Nor may the valiant st sinnefull youth alieue

With resolution so in-wal'd appeare

But his high heart will be below his feare.

Can you commit lewd rape (*Amilcar*?) no:

Maids, and chaste women need no more defence

For hot inuasion, except innocence.

Earnest resistance, by but one true maide,

Will make the fiercest rauisher afraid:

For if a virgin violate you see

Shee did in part deny, in part agree:

Firme resolution of a maidens hand,

Tall Gyant-letchers, cannot halfe with-stand.

AMIL. Take her (good *Gracchus*) to your custody

Be thou my bawd, and purge Phlebotomy.

Act. 4. Scœn. 8.

MENANDER, EUPHOREVS, LÆLIO, PERILLVS,

BVFO, LVCILLA, MANTESIO.

Our Scœne is *Aiax*; the most valiant soule
Of which tall Champion, truly doth possesse
My corpulent squarelimbs; then (subiects) call,
Call mee braue *Aiax* that renowned Peere

AEquall

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

AEquall to *Agamemnon*, wee presume

By our Tragcedians Art to Deify:

Lelio must Act *Vlysses*. L A E. I agree.

M E N. *Mantesio* and *Lucilla* must like mutes

Expect vpon my rage all counterfeit,

As did the sauage throng that *Ajax* slew;

Robes shall not make a metamorphosis;

Wee may suppose you whom the Scene requires

Some sauage couple fit for *Ajax* wrath.

A M. You may command vs. M E. but braue *Messala*

Acts: *Agamemnon*. E v. Brother I am glad

To thanke your estimation of my parts

And I will striue to please you sir, though mad.

M E. *Buso*, *Perillus*, both be Chiefe-taines too,

Attentiu to decide the argument

Of our contention, striuing to deserue

The honour of *Achilles* after death.

A M. Wee both be vassailes to your celsitude.

M E. Each take his part and study to rehearse

That none may stumble at an easy verse.

B v F. *Menander* is a Delphicke Oracle.

M E N. Be silent, leaue this big *Hyperbole*,

And shew thy breeding modest. B v F. Sir I am

A Gallant, thanks to Tailors, and good clothes,

Yet keepe no crafty Page to picke a purse:

Nor doe I often play the *Sodomite*,

Will, with a liuely posture personate

The Scene of *Ajax*, and inioy our fate.

M E N. Enough, the solempne festiuall of ioy

Which doth ensue, exacts your diligence,

To giue some testimoniall indeed

Of true deservings; thinke mee bountifull

If any Actor in my troupe excell.

Fortune I doe contemne thee; sirs aduance

And in despight of death, vse vigilance.

Finis Actus quarti.

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Act. 5. Scæn. 1.

GRACCHVS, FAVORINA, GLADIATOR.

M Adam, all chaste desires be laudable,
But if you tempt a mischiefe mercilesse,
Such certaine truths be doubtfull to auoide;
And I prefer the publicke safety still
(Which wants you as a chiefe and mouing wheele)
Before my simple damage, though the curse,
Railings, and wrath of my contemptuous Lord
Fall fast vpon me, like so many shaftes
Shot from heau'ns fabricke by offended *Ioue*:
Come therefore death, destruction, stabs or Steele,
Come out-rage, madnesse, fierce amazing oathes,
Terror, and tortures come, what can betide,
You shall, vnknowne, by our aduice escape
Least long expectance doe incurre the rape.
Fav. I much commend your zealous charity,
Yet I beleue *Amilcar* cannot wrong
The harmlesse meaning of our innocence:
Suppose I doe expect vpon the rage
And lustfull fury of that impious man,
Yet I presume the Gods will gouerne lust
And giue such valour to a vertuous maide
As shee may well in-counter Canibals.
Why should *Amilcar* seeme to conquer mee?
Or why assault my noble chastity?
Secured hope, and heauen can witness too
I haue no biting bosome-snake which gnawes
With greedy vulture-teeth and stinging iawes
Vpon the pretious comfort of my soule;
No second In-mate ready to controule
Our quiet actions; no loud fearefull sinne
To stab mee in the midst of honest mirth

And

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

And ouer-look the musicke of my minde,
 To make mee start and rob mee of content
 No, no (good *Gracchus*) I am innocent,
 And therefore not excluded from the helpe
 Of heauens tuition; know I dare affront
Amilcar in the fury of his flames,
 Raile at the stubborne youth, and make him melt
 Ecu'n like a leaden statue, or indeed
 Like some obdurate image caru'd of Ice,
 Which through one blast of lightning doe despair
 And from tall statues vanish into aire:
 I feele within mee such true noble signes
 Of earnest courage, as no female thought
 Can (except pure and pious) well compare:
 I am not valiant, like a drunken whore,
 Ramping by vertue of abused wine;
 Not is my resolution desperate,
 I am not fcarelesse, to see feare abound
 But innocence is resolutions ground.
 GRA. Will you neglect my counsell to escape?
 Will your deluded loue to innocence
 Not reckon meanes ordain'd for innocence?
 Protection doth imply our vigilance,
 Else vertue is reputed arrogance;
 Honest and simple hearts alone deserue
 That in extremitie pure holinesse
 Should make meanes thriue, not without good meanes, blesse.
 (Madam) I sweare they lacke humanity
 Who will teach men to tempt their destiny;
 Belecue it (*Fauorina*) I should feare
 The doubtfull mercy of a hungry Beare:
 They who desire to feele the Lyons paw
 May liue in compasse of the Lyons Caue;
 I know good meanes, neglected, make a slaue.
 FA. (*Gracchus*) I once againe commend your zeale
 Thanke, and admit your loue, which labours well
 To win the heigh of our capacity:

[CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

But (*Gracchus*) tell mee now, suppose I stay,
 Suppose *Amilcar* doe continue still,
 Like a wilde Satyre, most libidinous;
 Admit hee shall extend so farre as rape
 And by the ruine of our modest grace
 Erect a shamefull *Friapus* in place?

Tell mee (good *Gracchus*) what rich victory
 Can the foole boast of? what egregious act
 Can hee ascribe to conquest of our sex?
 Wee are alas like wals vn-fortified,
 Or like a Castle made of March-pane wals
 Easely subdu'd, without fierce rauishment.
 Women were made to make rash men repent.
 Shame to my fortunes, I did seeke reuenge
 And sure the Gods will turne reuenge on mee;

Lucilla's death, the Kings *Catastrophe*
 Might haue bene both auoided, if reuenge
 And malice had not bene so force-able
 To banish pittie from our spightfull brest,
 The want of which procur'd a funerall chest
 To keepe the cinders of a sleeping paire;
 Which losse, no time can proue, no age repaire:
Lucilla's death had my malicious doome
 As Epitaph to dead *Menanders* Tombe;
 The plaintiffs lye which prou'd *Lucilla's* death
 Did like-wise rob *Menander* of his breath.

GRA. (Madam) you are deluded; I can giue
 A testimoniall that both doe liue.

FA. *Menander* liue? and doth *Lucilla* liue?
 Speake it againe, preclaime the newes aloud
 Let heauen and earth be witnesse to thy tale:
 Speake it againe (good *Gracchus*) giue the Gods
 Notice againe of my certificate
 Which makes mee in a glorious estate:
 Dance my delected soule, sing merrily
 Leape all my organs, I am innocent,
Gracchus will witnesse, I am innocent,

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

I did not kill *Menander*, nor accuse
 My riuall-yong *Lucilla*, no (good heau'n)
Gracchus will witnesse I am innocent:
Lucilla liues, my best *MENANDER* liues,
 Speake it againe (good *Gracchus*.) *GR.* both do liue.
FA. Beare witnesse now; hearken heauen, he said they liue
 Take speciall notice of his name and words
 For hee is prompt enough to iustify
 Our depositions, neither will hee lye:
 No, hee's an honest, very honest man
 Is called *Gracchus* so inscribe his name;
 And set his certaine testimoniall
 Vpon record: *Lucilla* doth suruiue
 And my *Menander* hee is yet aliue:
 So saith good *Gracchus*, so inscribe the same.
 Ioy hath no passage through my rauish'd soule:
 I did before put on a painted face
 Forging false colour to my innocence
 But now indeed am truly innocent:
 Thou *Gracchus* be my iudge, and heau'n be iudge
 I am not now defil'd with bloody thoughts
 And fearefull agues; thou be like-wise iudge
 That false *Amilcar* is a menstruous ragge,
 A youth ranke-rotten, before mellow-ripe:
 Flye-blowne already as a carkasse hot
 Which hath no shelter from the dog-day Sunne:
 Beyond all vertues cunning to reclaime:
 Goodnesse and reformation bee to him
 Monsters in nature; and detested more,
 Then of a Hermite is the common-whore.
 Vices, like Maggots, creepe on him so thicke,
 As who destroies the one, hee must not sticke
 To follow the sub-version of them both:
 Of lewd *Amilcar* and his lustfull growth.
GRA. Who can escape the lime-twigs which are set
 By loose affections to ensnare himselfe?
 Man doth about him carry watchfull foes

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

And must be carefull to in-counter those;
 For all without him, though by troupes they come
 Cannot offend, who is in peace at home:
Amilcar (Madam) is now riding post
 Vpon exact imployments; his returne
 Is doubtfull, therefore to auoid delay,
 The loue and duty of my zeale obey.
 A friend in whom I claime full interest
 Doth giue attendance to accompany
 Your Grace, till I can trusse a sardell vp
 And follow. FA. What's thy friend? GR. A Fencer.
 GLA. I am ingag'd vpon fidelity
 And must preserue you from hostility,
 Eeu'n to the last of a mortall life,
 I will defend thee widdow, maide, or wife.
 FA. My new redemption is a doubtfull taske,
 You both doe promise more then I will aske:
 And though my squint-e'd fortune looke ascaunce
 Yet heau'n will succour my deliuerance:
 Which being once purchas'd, proud *Amilcars* lust
 Shall vanish into *Salamanders* dust.
 GRA. Put on the wings of speed; flie fast away
 I follow (Madam) before peeping day.

Act. 5. Scœn. 2.

GRACCHVS, AMILCAR, SERVI.

Successe attend her, till I soone dispatch
 And speedily escape *Amilcars* rage.
 Saddle my horse, and fetch my Cat kets, hoe,
 Seruants make ready I must ride to *Athens*.
 All men desirous to preuent quicke fate
 Scorne (aboue all things) to procrastinate:
 Watch there without, like busy centinels
 And on my Lords returne, see some fore-tels. --
 SER. He is return'd already; doth approach,

Saith

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Saith you may trauaile in his new Caroch.

GRA. Yés, to the diuell; death! is hee return'd?

I am vndone, I am vndone; (good genius)

Helpe mee; (good Angels) be auspicious,

Or I shall perish past recovery:

Senge mee some lightning, though in-visible;

O burne my bleeding heart; consume, consume!

Flye from my nostrils an infectious fume!

Stop all my organs, ô commiserate

The bad mis-fortune of a poore estate:

Hee comes, hee comes-- A M. (*Gracchus* my deere) how dost?

What answere makes my Goddesse? doth shee melt?

Doth she recant and aske my pardon? speake.

GRA. No: I am troubled with a falling rhume.

A M. Fetch forth *Pigmaliions* Image, I will doate,

And so become *Cupids* Idolater:

Stay *Gracchus*, wee will both accompany

Her sacred passage to the publicke aire:

What shaking palsie doth detaine thy steps?

Where is the Queene? speake (trembling coward) speake.

GRA. She ouer-came mee with incessant teares;

To those I yeelded, ô forgiue my feares.

A M. Yeelded? (baile caitife) be our hopes all dead?

My labour, lyes, delusion, studied care,

All turn'd to smoake through yeelding of a drudge?

All our ingagements, my beneuolence,

My proiects, aimes, and large gratuities,

All come to this? the center of my thoughts,

My double trickes, and cunny-catching-flights,

All come to this? the rich felicity

Whereon my faith was groundd, come to this?

Come gastly horror to confunimate all,

Adde ruine like-wise to my wit-lesse fall.

O my loud curse! delusion was my baite

And I am now deluded; learning failes;

No new inuented stratageme auails;

And vertue I am not acquainted with:

CINTHIA'S R EVENGE.

O you damn'd rogue, 'tis holliday at home,
 You hope the Queene (sir) will aduance you high,
 And hope so still, but (very, very knaue).
 I will dis-ioint your eleuated hopes;
 And make you (sir) an *Alcibiades*:
 The Queene departed? G R A. Pitty did preuaile,
 For shee did weepe, nor did of passion faile:
 Her eyes (good Lady!) did with weeping smart,
 Which made mee giue her licence to depart.
 A M I. I am vndone (you fragment) I'me vndone,
 I am detected, whither shall I runne?
 The haruest of my long laborious toyle,
 Now I haue swom through death and swallow'd fire,
 Giu'n doubtfull fury a most braue repulse
 Put backe suspence, and all approaching feares
 Almost concluded things impossible;
 Made smooth my way; and tilted in the face
 Of frowning mischiefe ready to take place;
 Now, now is all sub-verted; I am lost
 In a large Wood, a winding laborinth:
 I am excluded from all natiue power,
 Am like the rubbish of a ruin'd Tower;
 I am abus'd, I am to death betrai'd,
 By thee a doctore villaine; not afraid
 To sweare mee homage, and vn-lace my heart:
The blessings of your body, breath, and soule
Be so engag'd, as their existence knowes
Not one redeemer among all the Gods,
(Fabulous things to you) except my selfe;
Thus did you sweare, and swore I gaue thee life,
Nay did bestow a whole creations worke
Vpon thee offal-cattiffe, who ador'd
Impression of my foote-steps that was all
Expecting hourly on the happy time
When I should dare command what you durst doe,
When with aduantage, I would but pronounce
 O Gracchus giue mee of thy bloud an ounce:

Thus

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Thus did you sweare, you dog-day-villaine, thus;
And yet your actions bee malicious:

Teach mee, some diuell, to torment the rogue,

Else take the righteous rigor of his fault

Into the depth of hels extremity;

Rescue, ô rescue this offending wretch

(Some powers aboue) from my most fatall-wrath,

For to afflict thee as the crime deserues

Would loose a double part in Paradise:

Yet must I punish thee (thou Spiders-gall)--

SER. The toade and spider cannot chuse but brawle.

AM.-- I must (you creeping cur) and would refuse

Rather to be a God, then to forgiue

A thing so capitall; and thou escape;

But an arch-diuell would I euer bee

A fiend of horreur beneath all degree,

Eate flames and brimstone to beget mee fierce

That with astonish'd fury I might pierce

And split each sinew; seare thy plumpest vaine,

So racke thy feeling with perpetuall paine.

GRA. O feele compassion, for I do repent.

AMI. *Repent? compassion?* I would rather whip

My weakned carcasse with a Scorpions taile;

Dwell in a nest of Adders, make them sting

Till patience could endure; then wash my wounds

With burning pitch and lamp-oile, bath in leade,

Or make a poultice of some swelling toad,

Rather then take one cruell thought from 'load.

GRA. Your meanace and commotion do torment

About all suffering; ô I will repent

Sixe thousand times a day; deuoure my flesh,

Feede vpon frogs, or quaffe downe *acomte*,

Kisse and embrace, a fearefull *Succubus*,

If you but leaue to terrifie mee thus.

AM. No (thee ush tumbler) leaue thy cheating tricks

And sweare allegiance to some puny Lord,

Make those beleue that lacke intelligence,

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

For I am lasht with true experience:
Though on thy bosome thou wouldst therefore cawle,
And, like a Serpent, liue vpon the dust:
Though by continuall creeping thou didst weare
Thy breast and belly, (so become submisse
In a most new degree) didst licke pathes cleane
Where I should walke, and scrape away the filth:
Employ each seruile sinew to my ends,
Yet you and I must neuer more be friends.
Fall flat vpon thy face (thou paracide)
Fall downe as ready (captiue) to abide
Our indignation, which in child-birth lies,
Big with a thousand swelling lunacies:
Expecting all to be deliuered out,
And by vexation of thy falling strength,
To be an orbe in bredth, an age in length:
Fall (thou condemned Shismaticke) and charme
The killing rage of my aduanced arme;
For I shall proue so desperately mad
And full of rigor, in my sharpe reuenge;
As to reuoule the terrour of my doome
Phansy doth tremble, but my rage makes roome:
(False wretch) I must forget humanity,
And fall acquainted with some Forrest Woolfe;
Hee, and such bloody Tutors shall instruct
The shamelesse Art of sauage cruelty,
To kill thee, and become exorbitant;
I will anatomise thy limbs alieue;
Will mince small gobbers of thy quaking flesh
And feed my Haukes, while life continues fresh
Within the bloody morsell; make the fluce
To quauer when they swallow downe the iuice:
The Turke shall teach mee to extend some plague
Of most vn-suffering nature: till the day,
And thy blaspheming breath doe both decay.
But ô (quicke sorrow seize mee) what auailles
This villaines torture to my liuing woe?

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

For I (except I quickly be trans-form'd
Into a Rat, a Hedge-hog, Lowse, or Toade,
Some base and obscure animall) must feele
Torments more tedious then tongues may expresse,
AEquall to which is doubtfull heauinesse:
Nay, our attempts and high abuses done
Be of such horrid shape, such ample straine;
As to absolve them would require a Saint
With speciall pardon from almighty Ioue:
Yes, though I should obtaine that idle wish
Of transmigration; yet the shamefull troupe
Of sinnes which weare my scarlet liuery
Would follow fast, and (as *Acteons* dogs)
Teare mee to peeces, not remembring, once,
That I was maister of the family:
If, to become a new conformitant,
Imply'd a veniall act; each vertuous thought
Should be my fellow: 'tis the fault of all,
Wee doe despaire to stand, because we fall.
One maxime I retaine by priuiledge;
Such secrets, they doe seldome thrue, nor can,
Where we depend vpon the breath of man:
O had my drudge, my Vassaile bene but true,
And faithfull to the fore-cast of my hopes,
I had bene braue confederate of Kings,
Nay, might haue cal'd some Kings my seodars.
(O deuill) hadst thou bene to my desires
A sudden knaue and dutifull enough:
But for a time hadst thou continued so
Vntill some limitation did expire
With such obseruance as ranke deuils vse
Vpon the pretious morgage of a soule
I had bene ready to depart with all;
With pleasures, titles, all things, to enrich
Thy budding fortunes; all did I reserue
Till death determin'd my approaching fate,
Onely to thee, then all, was consecrate,

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

By due surrender; but (yong prodigall)
 Your hopes and life (poore slaue) be pawn'd to mee
 Whom no sworne-diuels Broker shall exceed
 In scuruy vsage, though my heart-strings bleed.

GRA. If no true mercy then may mittigate
 Thy dull and stupid deafenesse, I do dare
 The vt-most of your franticke violence,
 Cast all thy Adder-stings vpon my heart;
 Be thy conceited cramps more exquisite
 Then is a terrible tormenting Bull;
 Breake forth (*Hy:n*) get some pecuish dwarfe
 To hacke mee downe at leasure; till I stand
 Like a *Colossus*, like a Cedar tall

And yet immoueable with smarting wounds:
 Stab me now (tyrant) or inflict full paine
 Vpon each noble ioint and glorious veine,
 Vertue shall keepe mee with a sacred charme
 Against the strength of a stipendious arme:
 The challenge of my cause being heard at large
 All (to thy damage) would my griefes discharge:
 Mocke babes and children (sir) with rods in pisse,
 I did approue no true defence like this,
 That I haue done vprightly; knit your brow,
 Swell with a crabbed face conformable,
 Let your offended garbidge fry in steakes,
 Truth will auerre, and honest dealing speakes
 That I haue done vprightly; be asham'd
 Of thy vniust reuenge, and murther nam'd.

AMI. Dare you then burze (you beetle) and aduance
 Your voice to contradict superiours?

Proud slaue come neerer; hee may liue 'mong rats,
 Who will be daunted with a swarme of gnats,
 Much lesse with one poore mushrump; petty sir
 'Pray leaue to grumble, (you mad factious curre)
 Torments shall mittigate and make you tame
 Paines worse then death, shal make thee deadly lame.

GRA. Do I deserue such paines? no fiery youth

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

I haue done most vprightly, will discharge

A good officious part, if you proceed,

I will vn-maske your shamefull trickes indeed.

A M. A squib, a squib, cracke, flash, and spit apace,

Breake(my oxe-bladder) vanish into breath,

A scritch-owle bids thee sing before thy death,

Squeake out rare bag-pipe; flesh-flye buzze againe,

Seeme to insult with voyce, (thou very sound)

Take thy last leaue, bequeath short life to ground.

G R A. Harke how the monstrous whale doth roare alowd.

A M. Presaging tempests (Pilot) in the straights.

G R A. No huge sea-wonder) I a sword-fish am,

Who will by vertue most vpright and plaine,

Sting thee, and thresh thee, till thou rore with paine:

Proud man, remember what thou well deseru'st,

Thinke who hath tempted royall chastity;

VVho like a cheating thiefe did steale the Queene,

VVith lying vowes, and studied shamelesse oathes,

Did play the Iuggler; lest the Kings high-way,

And went about to breake inclosures: thinke

VVho did excell in mischief, who did strue

To worship Diuels, who did seeke by lust,

And meanes new moulded, most in-ordinate,

To make a Heauenly Saint a Sodomite,

Compell pure thoughts to worship *Priapus*.

Thinke who protended to defile the Queene,

And did (aboue pretence) affirme the death

Of mad *Manander*, the deluded King,

And vow *Lucilla's* death: obserue yong fir

The futable description to the end;

And tell vs if it bee significant:

Or if the language be too blunt; obserue;

Tell your opinion of the congruence,

And spew a whetstone vper'e I proceed:

Thinke if I vse (fir) an affected stile,

Thinke also of the strange absurdities,

Thinke who's the subject of my railing theame,

And:

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

And when thou dost consider heauily
 It is thy wicked selfe whereof I speake
 And all vprightly spoken; you'le perceiue
 You want much leasure (friend) to punish mee
 For mischiefes neerer hand doe threaten thee:
 Except thou dost despaire and hang thy selfe.
 AMI. Impudent diuell, didst not heare the voice
 Of threatning tortures; like so many toads,
 Night-rauens, or scritch-owles which together sing
 Thy deaths decree, as a sad funerall dirge?
 Repent, repent (flaue) and consider well,
 Who is now sailing to the gates of hell.
 (Seruants) come apprehend this Eunuch; hoe,
 Reserue him till the rigor of my doome
 Demands sharpe execution; tie the wretch
 With loading manacles, and crucifie
 This false condemned railer fifty times,
 Till with excesse of paine the Traitor dies.
 GRA. I cannot now with-stand hostility,
 But follow death with such alacrity
 As one resolu'd vpon religious warre,
 Such deaths doe purchase a triumphal carre.

Act. 5. Scœn. 3.

EUPHOREVS, BVFO, MENANDER, LAELIO,
 LVCILLA, MANTESIO, PERILLVS.

*Unfold your Ensignes, beate your silent Drums,
 Exchange (I say) their sable cognisance,
 Adding a limitation to the feares
 Of this great Captaines death: exhaustad teares
 May mitigate compunction, not despaire
 A losse unmatched well worthy of repaire.
 Weeping should shew our zeale, not once repine
 At Preuidence aboue, which is Diuine.*

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

*Bv. But (Agamemnon) now the funerall rites
Be finished; new horror, new despights
Speake with a bloody accent: Ajax roares,
And like a tempest, or the Gyants race,
Which lay encamp'd against the God-like face
Of great Olympus, doth hee bellow forth
Bumbast exclaimes, and calls vpon desert;
Giue me (saith hee) that armour which is due,
And (as a trophy of eternall fame)*

*May stout Achilles, that most valiant man,
Suruiue in mee: O thou vn-thankfull Greece,
(Helmets and launces bee my Orators)*

*Thou art indebted to my braue designs
Past restitution; let some Souldier speake,
And call thee Bankrout; for I am abus'd:
Will you admit a rivall then saith hee*

*In my magnanimous aimes to conquer mee?
Will you admit Vlysses? L. AE. They approach.*

*M. E. Shall eu'ry coward be competitor
With Princes of such potent fortitude,
Such high descent, such saintish pedigree
As Greece can tell I Ajax doe enioy?*

*For Ioue and all the Gods acknowledge mee,
My arme hath whole share in the dust of Troy.*

*P. E. R. True (Ajax) true, take double share in dust,
But for Achilles now contend we must.*

*M. E. Contend with me? (thou creeping snail) with mee?
Whom wrathfull Hector on his Elephant,
Mounted like Neptune on the curled waues,
Loath to incounter, did forsake the field;*

Through his faire absence did the Troians yeeld.

*P. E. But (Ajax) wise men know selfe-arrogance
Is still instructed sir to amplifie.*

M. E. Fie (brating carcombe) what a senselesse foole

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

*A stupid wretch, and suffering Asse am I
To enter-change the aire, and empty voice
With such a sheeps-head, a poore Ithacan?*

PER. (Aiax) *Your Giant bragges lacke pollicy,
Strength wanting wisdom, argues extasie.*

ME. *Giue vs our launce and heimet, I consume
Till I haue turn'd this coward into fume:*

*Fetch some offensiue swords, and scimitars,
Iauelings and Cortaxe, I will crush this Ape,
And as a trophey weare his captiue skinne;
(The doubtfull terror of my certaine spoile
which may affright, and make our foes recoile.)*

PER. *What high renowne or fame is to be had
By fighting with a Souldier who is mad?*

ME. *O my forgotten fury swell apace,
And spit forth lightning in the cowards face,
who hath no title to his bold pretence,
But a most a poore vn-tutor'd eloquence.*

EV. Aiax — BV. *Be silent, Agamemnon speakes.*

EV. *Hang taming fetters on your lofty frownes,
Compell thy wrath which is predominant,
Force wilde affections (Aiax:) I professe,
Aiax you are too violent; leaue rage,
And by appointment of my poore aduice,
You (in this great assembly) shall recount
Your noble acts; which if they do amount
Beyond Vlysses memorable deeds,
The armour of Achilles then succeeds
To thee alone, made happy through desert,
Else to Vlysses shall the armes reuert.*

ME. *Then let me challenge some prerogatiue
From this forgotten place: laugh Iupiter,
And blame the stupid braines of this rude throng,
which with vnthankfull eies can here behold*

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

*The ships, the sands, the tattered sailes and shore,
 (All rescu'd vasssailes of my ventrous arme).
 Yet make vs dead, and vaine Vlysses warme;
 warme with the bounty which the frozen snake
 will but abuse (my Lords) and you mistake.
 What man was hee tooke danger by the iawes?
 Gaue an assault of battry to the ribs
 Of rampant Horror? heu'd a passage out
 From spoile and ruine, to reape victory?
 Wrestled, and rescu'd Nauius from the fire?
 And did (for safety) sence his beard with flames?
 Gaue to triumphant Hector the repulse?
 Quench'd a combustion equall in extreames
 To burning Phaëton, and the torrid Zone?
 What man was hee? No talking verbalist;
 But I, eu'n Ajax, with but halfe a fist:
 where was my smooth-tongu'd aduersary then?
 What hope had weake Vlysses to supply
 A Captaines part with schoole-boyes eloquence?
 No (poore Vlysses) if thou apprehenda'st
 My vn-resisted victories aright;
 If you conceine your disabilities,
 Your inclinations naturall, and raw,
 Your lame, and halting courage in exploit;
 Remembring fir with whom you do contend,
 with mee, with Ajax, whom no feares offend,
 Then magnifie your selfe, and thinke it praise,
 About thy merits, to confesse, by drum,
 By harpe and sacke-but, that (though ouer-come)
 Thou didst yet striue with Ajax, and renounce
 Each other title, which may well denounce
 Thee indiscreet, and thy assumption proud;
 Helpe mee (deere wisdome) to refraine, for I
 Shall be transported into againe*

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

*By vertue of a sight so menous;
 So full of brazen impudence and feare,
 As that proud linguist, my competitor.
 Advance, advance, your melancholy brow,
 Bend your attentive politicians care
 To that which heauen and I will asseure,
 You haue been taught to dance, and turne the heele,
 To runne away betimes, and to forsake
 Thy friend, nay soule, vpon extremity.
 Nestor, Tydides, both can well auerre,
 You lacke the rules of doctrine militant;
 All rescue is accounted heresie:
 which rule (if pittie and compassion both
 were not my maximes friend) had cost your life:
 I saw death's Sergeant ready to arrest
 Thy pensiué soule, when tumbling downe to earth,
 I threw my target on thy pallid hearse,
 Draue backe thy foes, and did thy soule reuerse.
 Will you (sir) walke vnto the place againe?
 For feigne some foes approach, put feare enough,
 And wounds on, for a shift, shrinke vp againe,
 And like the Tortoise under-creepe your shell;
 So sir contend I pray, and stammer well:
 Be wise (you mighty Capitaines) and collect
 How Hector did the Troian troopes renew,
 Amazing vauit-guards with a multitude
 Of heathen Gods giuing a bloody cause
 Of quicke despaire to my Antagonist;
 Nay to the valiant and prouinciall Dukes:
 This dreadfull man, this Hector (tossing soules
 Like Gnats and Ants-egges downe to Erebus)
 I beate him groneling, laid his limbs asleepe;
 And like a mountaine from the firmament,
 Downe fell great Hector from his Elephant.*

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

*Let then a wreath of Oke empale my head,
And let Vlysses share with Diomed.*

*Mars be my equall iudge! what simple man
(Except in league with sottish ignorance)
would (vpon forfeit of his patrimony,
And stocke of wisdom to debility)*

Admit Vlysses my competitor

To striue in iest with Ajax? if desert

Shall in the vp-shot be predominant,

Looke on our out-sides, on our helmets looke;

View each mans Beuer, Breast-plate, Sword and Launce,

Looke on our out-sides hoe! consider well

And pause vpon each target; giue me leaue,

To shew the tokens of a Souldiers claime,

And to vncase a cowards infamy.

Marke but the difference betwixt our shields:

Mine (a true target) hath sustain'd whole grooves

Of artificiall timber, topt with Steele,

I stood like Mars among my Troian foes,

when all forsooke me but my faithfull targe,

It still continued, and did nobly keepe,

My limbs expos'd to danger of the field;

A Crocodile I thinke may conuert sleepe

within the large wounds of my open shield:

Cast (I beseech) now halfe a pur-blinde looke

Vpon that theenish varlet; and his shield,

Obserue how smooth and faire his night-caps be,

His helmets (Lords) I meane, obserue his shield,

His Beuer trim'd twise twenty times a day;

His gauntlets, gorgets, and his gilded Armes,

All of a sweet complexion, sanguine sappe,

As to incounter some fine Ladies lappe:

Meaning to be a Champion of the smockes,

A gallant foruce young warriour indeed

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

*warre shall presse wiues; for Souldiers do not bleed.
 Account my phrase no ambiguity,
 Vlysses sloth my words will verifie:
 I laugh most freely to imagine how
 Effeminate Vlysses will support
 The massy fabricke of Achilles armes,
 If my deservings shall be rob'd and loose
 That which I honour, and affection wooes.
 E v. (Ajax) enough; Vlysses now begin:
 P e r. Desire (alas) being not effectuell
 To raise from Cinders dead mortality,
 And make a liuing heire indubitate,
 Heau'n saith, hee shall remaine ambiguous,
 Till you (great Iudges) doe decide the strife,
 And so restore Achilles vnto life:
 which, because doubtfull, I doe challenge grace
 Of you my patrons, and this publicke place.
 The bragging fellow Ajax doth deriue
 A long forgotten age from Telamon,
 Striuing to fetch a foolish argument
 Of his renowned acts, from high descent,
 If which dead picture of Kings pedigree,
 Could but insue a fortune competent,
 And make that piercing wisdom of the soule
 A thing intituled to inherisance,
 I could produce a genealogy,
 From sacred Ioue, and subtile Mercury;
 But, may the best of all my stratagems,
 which to thy sole aduantage (happy Greece)
 I haue inuented; may they perish all
 When I assume the vertue of my sire,
 As agent for my hope, and chiefe desire.
 who tempted braue Achilles to the siege
 When hee (detain'd with feare of destiny)*

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

*was eeu'n excluded in a female robe?
 When hee forgot to be pontificall,
 And was a true virago? did refuse
 Both weapons, and each little sound of warre?
 I had a feeling of my countries cause,
 And drew Achilles to the Troian warres;
 That mighty Captaine of the Mermedons
 I drew to battell, made him disobey
 His mother-goddesse, to aduance the state
 Of weary toile, and tronble Pergamus:
 I put his armour on; gaue weapons too;
 For what I gaue (great Lords) I humbly wooe.
 Speake, did not I incounter Telephon?
 Turne Thebes to ashes? conquer Tenedos?
 Chryses, and Cylla, Syron, Hector, Troy,
 All do acknowledge me; my valiant arme,
 My notable aduice; all attribute
 The shamelesse ruine of subuerted Troy
 To me, as author sole, and absolute
 Of such a safety to the common-weale;
 which, notwithstanding (fathers) I renounce,
 And must acknowledge you the principals
 Of an atchieuement so perspicuous:
 And what soeuer the vaine peoples voice,
 Captaines report, and painfull Souldiers loue,
 Doth by mis-guided error giue to mee,
 I render backe with all humility.
 To urge my owne directions, and aduice
 In Architecture of that happy horse,
 That sat all fabricke (being so fresh in thought)
 were to condemne you (mindfull country-men)
 Of that which wisdom loathes, Ingratitude.
 To reckon up Minerua's image, bought
 with hazard of my breath, and precious limbs.*

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

*When wedging barres flew from the Iron gates,
And gaue accessse vnto that sacred spell,
Might argue a most false obliuion
In your quicke wisedomes with strange impudence
In my most bold surmise. But (Mighties all)
May stupid Ajax his reproachfull termes,
(without each scruple to your iudging cares)
Be twice retorted in his rotten teeth;
So hee may swallow downe such base Rebukes,
And make amends to me: for let him know,
My suffring shouldrs could sustaine the load
Not of Achilles armour, but his lumpe
Of solid, brawny flesh, both legges and armes,
Nay the whole massy trunk truss'd vp in Steele:
I (Ajax) I, that carkasse once be-stridde,
Vpon my shouldrs tooke his heavy trunk
When death stood there, and in the midst of all
Carried Achilles to his funerall.*

*When after thousand sharpe calamities
Of warre, of winter, famine, pestilence,
Of parching dog-daies, long and tedious,
Of tempest, thunder, much mortality,
After all these, and ten yeares doubtfull siege,
When you forsooke the Campe, did so recoile,
As almost scorning a recovery;*

*I charm'd the top-mast, ha'd you backe to shore,
Conuerted all to conquest, which before
Did seeme aboue my dull inuentiue braine,
Giue me a need for ten yeares toile and paine.*

O M. Succed Vlysses, take thy rich desire.

*ME. Death to my fortunes! shall Vlysses rob
My long desertings of so rich a claime?*

I will increase the bargaine, stay a while

Take my memento. O M. Sir, auoid his rage,

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

ME. *Doſt flye from vengeance? whither can you flye?
whither (thou ſhifting coward) to eſcape
The indignation of my doubtleſſe wrath?
See how the lurking caitiſe there doth hide
His Cuckow-bill; what fury could abſtaine?*

LV C. MAN. *Angels protect vs; helpe, we both are ſlaine?*

L AE. PE. *Defend it (fiction.)* ME. *Helpe it forward (faith)*
And giue ſome ſee to Juſtice: (gallants) know,
Miſchiefe to high extreames this paire did wooc.

AM. *With falſe Phœdippe did conſpire wee two.*

ME. *Harken they confeſſe what wonder did reueale,
Giue your applauſe, and make a merry peale:
Call mee not *Aiax* now, but *Mercury*,
Who could vn-tye a Tragicke riddle thus;
Worthy to be eſteem'd miraculous.*

Act. 5. Scœn. 4.

FAVORINA, GLADIATOR

Cannot you (ſir) eſpye the honeſt man
(That noble Eunuch, my deliuerer)

Good *Gracchus* comming yet? GLA. (Deere Madame) no.

FAV. Indeed my phanſie doth ſuggeſt new feare,

Seeming to tell me *Gracchus* is detain'd

By his Lords rage, who did (I doubt) returne

Sooner then hee expected; which deſpight

If I could well coniecture to bee true,

With wings of lightning I'de againe goe backe

And bring my Eunuch from captiuitie.

GLA. Take then ſome officers to apprehend

The luſtfull traitor. FA. Such delay is long,

And my deere Eunuch may be dead alas

With tortures and extremity of paine,

Er'e ſuch late reſcue doth aduantage giue,

To qualifie his torment; hee, good man,

(Little affected with enſuing harme)

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Which is repaid (I feare) with bloody stripes :
 Stay not my purpose ; but giue charity
 A gentle freedome to deliuer one
 Who is my comfort ; (friend) I will returne :
 And (let no liuing soule participate
 Of what I say, except my selfe and aire) *{ aside }*
 I will, through colour of a pious end,
 Enioy *Amilcar*, whom I did refuse :
 For, to set free my Eunuch, will afford
 A fine pretext, though I do prostitute ;
 Which I did eeu'n desire, expecting still
 Vpon each little signe of violence,
 (The modest shadow of a secret whore)
 So will I winne what was halfe lost before.

GLA. Madam, you do protract the pretious time,

FA. Leau me, I will returne. GLA. The way's not farre ;
 Walke on whilst I assemble Officers.

FA. A needlesse caution, be content I pray
 To take no care, saue what I shall command ;
 Be not so dutifull about thy hire,
 Bring mee no water when I call for fire.

GLA. A riddle : so in safeties name walke on :
 Yet seeing the woman will be obstinate,
 I (to auoid suspition) will goe home,
 Fetch neighbours, and incompasse round the walles,
 If Lords like out-lawes liue, the kingdome falles.

Act. 5. Scœn. 5.

HYARCHVS, HIPONAX, LAELIO.

When, when (ô Goddesse) will thy anger leau
 To punish nature, and afflict poore man,
 Who was created to offenseue sinne ?
 The Souldiers awe, and common peoples rage,
 Make ciuill customes be licentious ;
 Rapine, rude contracts, discord, enmity,
 All take their essence from one extracie :

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

His life alone procures the kingdomes fall :

LAE. The longer life, the losse more eminent:

Know (Lords) I am a witnesse ocular,

And may with priuiledge informe you both
Of a most new and fatall accident:

The King, *Menander*, did produce a Scène,

A Scène of *Ajax*, that vnhappy play

(Pretending sport) became a Tragedy

For blood, and breath's effluxion: siue deepe wounds

(wearing *Menanders* badge) at once depriu'd

The sister Royall, next ally'd, by law

Of birth, and natiue consanguinity,

From hope of all succession to the chaire.

A M B. *Lucilla* dead? LAE. VVith her *Manteso* sleeps:

Each life was tributary to the rage

Of our mad King; but each accus'd it selfe

As priuy, to that arch-conspiracy

So long forgotten; to *Phendippe's* crime.

H Y. Conceal'd so long? H I P. Who did discover it?

LAE. A question doubtfull; but *Menander* saith

An apparition did reueale the truth.

H I P. Shadows may walke indeed. H Y. Impossible!

I am resolu'd against all argument;

I am incredulous; dead neuer walke.

LAE. Neuer the same, yet the similitude,

H Y. Who sayes againe so, weel'e averre the lye;

What be no things of nature, I account

Fables. H I P. You are not Metaphysicall.

H Y. No sir: I thinke the age is giddy; death!

Can wee from ashes raise a second life?

The age is drunken sure. LAE. A doting age.

H Y. The times are dizzy. LAE. No man doth deny

A theame so irrepugnable and true:

Reasons owne selfe will be our advocate

In prouing what you speake; for punies know

The world's lame reuoluti'on hath beene long,

And all partake of mundane giddinesse:

The turning round of earth hath touch'd our braine;

But the more absurd and vaine,

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

HIP. Age must decline, life's comfort will decay,
Though all things perish, let religion stay.

Act. 5. Scœn. 6.

AMILCAR, FAVORINA, GRACCHVS, GLADIATOR, SERVI: STIPATORES.

I haue a thousand plagues in readinesse,
Strappadoes, and empalements, pitch, and oile,
A Racke of Bow-strings, a tormenting Bull,
Hogf-heads with nailes inuerted; furies whips,
And artificiall prickes of Adders bone,
Which to behold, in practise on my slaue,
Your Lady-ship is welcome; and approach
Most opportunely (Madam:) after all
When griefe hath scar'd your eye-sight vp; you shall
Then be dis-burthn'd of that chastity
Which is a trouble to your conscience:
I (Madam) will remoue the deere suspence
Of question; whither you may prostitute,
And so resolute you a whore absolute:
(Seruants) come cast my drudge vpon the wheele;
Stand vp-right (rascall) stand fir, do not reele,
Take your last leaue of standings; say adiew
To ease; and as you leaue paine, looke for new.
FAV. O saue my Eunuch, and I will submit
My whole reuenue, life, and chastity
To your disposall. **AMI.** President of shame!
Shoote (hell) a bon-fire of vnbounded flame,
And may each heau'nly star augment his light
To make this woman famous; may each night
Change foggy darkenesse to prodigious day,
And (by some signe) a subtile whoore display
To be the miracle of monstrous age
Worthy of iudgements quill, and natures stage.
Are you the vestall? that religious Nun,
Who speake no fillable but *Innocence,*
Sacred deuotion. Virgin chastity?

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Raile at our fleshly finnes, concupisence,
 Temptations actuall, and yet embrace,
 Nay, hug hels bosome? creepe into the vice
 (Which you would seeme so luely to abhorre)
 Gaping at small occasion? (Madam) know
Affection is my seruant, *Will* my slaue,
Passion my drudge, *Temptation* is my page
 And I more easily can command them all,
 Then may a Turke his tugging Gally-slaue:
 Know, I contemne that curteous venery
 Which is afforded scot-free; such nice dames
 Would seeme to couer when they couer *flames*.
 Of puddle-water no sicke patient drinks;
 A pretious odour, cheapely valued, stinkes.
 And, that you may conceiue how I esteeme
 Your beauty; thus will I deforme-- FA. O helpe.
 GLA. Herke (neighbours) follow, force downe locks & bars,
 Attach the Traitor, AMI. Am I then betrai'd?
 GLA. Take vp the Queene. FA. My wound's not mortall; stay
 Release that Eunuch. STI. Keepe the Traitor safe.
 FA. Con-vey him as an Ideot, or Drudge;
 My *Wrong* may be accuser, Clarke, and Iudge.

Act. 5. Scœn. 7.

MENANDER, EUPHORBVS, BVFO,
 LAELIO.

Tilt in my face (*Euphorbus*) and reclaime
 The slight opinion of our Deity.
 Tilt in our face (I say) and thence collect
 If I be *Hermes*; make some steady thrust,
 And call mee *Sacred*, *Matchlesse*, *Mercury*:
 Beleeue it (youth) I will dis-ioine thy necke
 And shoulders, if thou dost againe deny
 That I am *Hermes*, *Ioues* Embassadour,
 A winged, and im-penetrable God:
 Tilt therefore in my face, tilt speedily;
 Push on, and on, by lawes of castity

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

EV P. The fiend (sir) doth oppresse my feeble arme.

MEN. (Caitife) prouoke not my offensiue rage

Least I depriue thee of all future age.

EV P. Then I must kill thee (King.) ME. I am a God;

Translated by the voice of Parliament

Which sits about this cloudy firmament:

I am a God *Euphorbus*; am no King;

The *Tawny-moor*, and *Ethiop* shall bring

Vnto my Altars pleasant sacrifice,

Fresh *Ope-balsum*; Fawnes of paradise;

Roe-buckes and balme to please our Deity.

Stab vs (thou Athiest) stab vs, and belecue

That I am perfect shadow, am a God;

Thrust thy vn-willing Poniard through my ribs;

And thence perceiue our full Deuinity;

Auoid my wrath (I say) 'tis dangerous,

If you refuse, I am vnmereifull.

EV. Stand to thy fortune (God) my dagger comes:

ME. Deep enough dig then: o my smal wound smarts

My breath is stopt, my God-like soule departs.

EV P. So: I now assume the intellectuall robe

Of *Reason*; and re-linquish Lunacy

Which idle feare brought mee acquainted with:

And (as I hope) the vnderstanding heads,

Which rule this Common-wealths society;

Will construe this *an act of Piety*.

LAE. Where is the King? I carry newes of ioy--

Bv. Where is the King? dead *Fanorina* liues.

EV. Heere lies the King who did enforce a death

Vpon the perill of his Authors life,

If hee refus'd to execute his will.

AMB O. *Euphorbus* then recouer'd? EV. Yes; for I

Did counterfeite a couz'ning lunacy.

AM. *Sparta* behoues to acknowledge thee her friend.

LAE. The sentence of *Amilcar* let's attend.

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Act. 5. Scœn. 8.

HYARCHVS, EUPHORBVS, HIPPONAX, LAELIO,
AMILCAR, FAVORINA, BVFO, GRACCHVS,
GLADIATOR, LESBIA, MILITES,
STIPATORES.

OM. Long liue the Queene. HIP. Draw the damn'd villaine
And let him swallow sulphure; flaming pitch, (forth,
Or else be roasted pittlesse aliue.

AMI. O giue mee oile of *Mandrakes*, Poppey iuice
Or poyson of infected *Hellebor*.

HY. Flea him, and make a trophey of his skin.

FAV. Cut off his members; bind and broile the slaue.

HIP. Let him be quarterd. AMI. To deceiue all these
Were pollicy about the rules of Art:

I haue concluded to preuent the shapes
Of torture; death by death alone escapes.

OM. Saue, saue the Traitor, saue him. GLA: Hee is dead.

HIP. May then the Traitor sleepe in tortures bed.

EV P. But may *Menanders* dying soule ascend;
Whom for the safety of this Common-wealth,
Idid restore to happinesse and health.

HIP. HY. Amazement of our age! wonder of time!

EV P. Touch'd with a feeling of my Countries good
Idipt my dagger in his royall blood,

By his owne chiefe desire; so leaue mad care,

Which my suspicion did assume through feare. (schoole

OM. The Queene shall Crowne thee. EV P. So I leaue the
Of madnesse, to become mad fortunes foole.

FAV. Remoue the Carcasse of that slaught'ed King.

EV P. Wee once obey'd him: after extasy

Let's therefore follow his dead obsequy.

(*Nature*) stand speech-lesse, for about thy part
With man preuailes both Lunacy and Art.

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Act. 5. Scen. 9.

CINTHIA.

Horror, affrightments, death, and anger flye,
Flye to the bottome of hels darke *Abyſſe*,
That heau'n may ſmyle vpon the clouded earth
And all take notice wee are paciſ'd:
Griſon death triumphs; and whose empalen brow
Can terrefy the factious things below,
(Who when wee were incen'd through blaſphemy
Sent forth reuenge to pleaſe our Deity)
Shall now enchain that miſchiefe mercileſſe,
And qualify reuengefull greedineſſe:
Diſcloud thy luſtre (my new borrowed ſhine)
Scatter thy foggy damps which doe debarre
My bounteous lamp of vniuerſall light:
Let exhalations giue my honour place,
All ſtars attendant looke earth in the face.
Gods cannot dwell in rage; though ſlimy man
If but en-nobled by permiſſiue law,
Dares proſecute his vengeance to the death
Till hee extirpe a whole poſterity:
Wee though immortal, though aboue beſt braines
To comprehend; though ſole efficient,
Though euery thing in eſſence, though deuine,
Though *Gods*; (in which one ſyllable, the ſumme
Of euery thing's inuolu'd) though *Gods* wee are,
Yet in compaſſion wee doe ſtill accept
Thoſe that prophane our ſacred holineſſe.
For; ſhould the anger of Omnipotence
Puniſh man-kind ſo often, or ſo long
As their inſatiate folly doth deſerue,
Ioue would be weary and the *Gods* aboue
Turne boyling wrath into abundant loue.

FINIS.

